

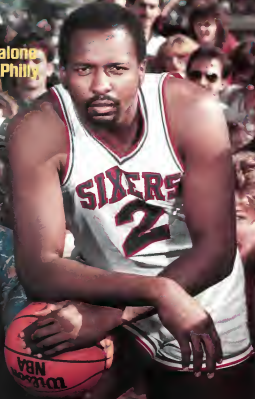
SPECIAL PRO BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 1982 \$1.50

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The new Rabbit GTI is in many ways a culmination of everything we have ever learned at Volkswagen. It has a powerful 1.8-liter overhead cam engine coupled with a close ratio 5-speed gearbox, so it not only goes from 0 to 50 in 7.2 seconds, it delivers an EPA estimated 26 mpg, 36 mpg highway estimate*.

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The Rabbit GTI is much more than a high performance car. It just may become the gold standard by which all high performance cars are judged. And our need to reset that standard again and again is what drives us all at Volkswagen.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Three clues: Twyman, Cincinnati, basketball. Easy, right?

Surprise—the answer is Lisa. Starting her rookie season as SI's pro basketball reporter, Jack's 25-year-old daughter is bringing back to the game one of its most distinguished names.

That isn't something that could have been predicted. As she grew up in Cincinnati, where her dad had starred for

her boatmates she took marathon bike trips through Vermont's hills and grueling runs up New Hampshire's mountains. Lisa's catholic approach to sports (her most recent enthusiasm is squash) reflects her dad's. "I play tennis a couple of times a week, and golf," says Jack, who is now chairman of a Dayton-based wholesale grocery firm. "I even jog some. I do still shoot baskets a little bit, but not much."

After graduation from Dartmouth in 1979, Lisa became the editor of the *Eastern Hills Journal*, a suburban Cincinnati weekly, and last year she joined SI. Her first beat was track, but this autumn, when the position of pro basketball reporter needed filling, it seemed natural to pencil in the name Twyman.

Lisa's sudden return to roundball prompted a few reminiscences. "The thing I remember best is Dad retiring," she says. "He jumped through one of those stupid paper hoops with a 27 on it. And they gave him, among other things, a dog. It was a beagle, and it came with a little dog house. I stayed home from school for a week to be with that dog. They also gave Dad a year's supply of popcorn and I think I ate all of it." Jack remem-

bers his retirement night, too, but has a more vivid memory of the 39 points he pumped in against the Knicks than he has of the puppy or popcorn.

"The best part of his basketball career for us was when he was broadcasting for ABC," says Lisa. "When he was playing, he got a pregame steak, and we got tuna. But when he was broadcasting, he took me to a game in Boston and we had room service at the Ritz."

When Lisa made her first tour of the NBA's training camps this fall, she found that nothing much had changed since her years around the Royals, "except that the players are a lot taller than when Dad was playing."



TWYMAN: JACK'S PASSED THE BALL TO LISA

the university and then played 11 years for the Royals, the basketball game Lisa and her three siblings played most often was one of their own invention called Court Jester. They would stand flat-footed and heave indelicate set shots at the rim, shouting "Who am I?" Father was not amused.

"I played one year in high school and I was pathetic," Lisa recalls. "I think I made one shot all season. The coach kept telling me to open my eyes next time."

She did take successful shots at other sports—running, cycling, field hockey and competitive horseback riding—and her bent for such different strokes continued when she traveled east to attend Dartmouth College. There she rowed for three years and ultimately captained the women's eight-oared varsity crew while majoring in policy studies. With

Philip D. Howard

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

TWO NATURALISTS DESCRIBE THE JOYS OF RIVER WATCHING AND MUCH MORE

The wrong people tend to read books like this one: *A Conscious Stillness*, by Ann Zwinger and Edwin Way Teale (Harper & Row, \$18.95). These people know all about Teale, distinguished naturalist, Pulitzer Prize-winner, founder and past president of the Thoreau Society; and about Zwinger, author of four superb books about the West and winner of the John Burroughs Medal in 1976. Just the subtitle of this slender volume, *Two Naturalists on Thoreau's Rivers*, obliges them to buy and enjoy it.

And that's too bad: This book was written for you, who never read a "nature" book in your life. You'll love it. Its design is simple. Zwinger and Teale canoeed and walked the length of two rivers, the Sudbury and the Assabet, which rise in adjoining swamps in southeastern Massachusetts and then take wildly disparate paths through Thoreau country until they meet to form the Concord. If *Stillness* were no more than their account of this journey—neither river is more than 30-odd miles long—it still would be a marvel of nature writing. But it is so much more.

Indefatigable researchers, Teale and Zwinger reveal much of the historic richness of this area as they paddle by its landmarks and stop to uncover its long-buried treasures. They tell how 25-year-old General Harry Knox dragged 60 cannons 300 miles in muddy, icy winter from Taconderoga to Boston to save that city from the British in 1776; how two young women, caught in the open away from their garrison house, faced the fearsome trial of an Indian raid; how the first water pollution laws, the first post road and the first mail runs were established, all in the 1600s; how the land and the people became what they are today.

This was Teale's last book before he died; it is a glorious memorial. Only one thing mars it: His fine photographs and Zwinger's faithful sketches and maps are presented in black and white. They, and we, deserve the full color that distinguishes the prose.

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STILL AN ISSUE

The environment ranks well behind unemployment and Social Security as an issue in the current election campaign. Nevertheless, there are indications that the Administration is concerned lest its hard line on the environment come back to haunt it at the polls on Nov. 2. One indication is the disappearance from public view—or at least from public controversy—of environmentalist-baiting Interior Secretary James Watt, who has been a favorite target of Democratic candidates. Another is the fact that two weeks ago President Reagan quietly signed a bill that actually strengthens one of the linchpins of federal environmental protection, the Endangered Species Act of 1973.

It's safe to say that making the Endangered Species Act stronger wasn't what the Administration originally had in mind. Last year it tried to slash the Fish and Wildlife Service's budget for administering the law by more than one-third—Congress approved a 23% reduction—and refused to designate any new species for inclusion on the endangered list until threatened with a lawsuit. Then the Interior Department's solicitor's office recommended to Watt changes in the law that, in the view of environmentalists, would have gutted it. Watt chose not to accept those recommendations; instead he proposed extending the act in its existing form for one year. Environmentalists and their allies in Congress, who were angling for a three-year extension, suggested that Watt's strategy was simply to hold off emasculating the law until after the congressional elections.

If that was the plan, it failed miserably. The tug-of-war over the fate of the Endangered Species Act prompted expressions of alarm from pro-development forces, including one trade-group official who was quoted in *The New York Times* as declaring that "any species is expendable somewhere along the line except mankind." In the face of such anthropocentrically arrogant nonsense, which seemed to imply that Homo sapiens could somehow survive without the genetic diversity of plant and animal species necessary to sustain it, Congress not only approved a three-year extension of the act but also beefed it up by mandating that decisions on adding species to the endan-

gered list be based solely on biological considerations, without regard, as previously was the case, to economic factors. Support for the bill crossed party lines; it passed by unanimous consent in both the House and Senate, where it was ushered through by Republican John H. Chafee of Rhode Island, who faces a tough re-election challenge next week. The President's subsequent signing of the measure was an acknowledgment that, on this issue at least, the hard-liners in his Administration had got nothing by trying to get too much.

Not that the Administration has lost its taste for the fray. There is widespread speculation that Watt is planning to end his hibernation and take a number of strong, new anti-environmental actions immediately after the election. Meanwhile, the Administration continues to push for substantial weakening of another key environmental law, the Clean Air Act, and hardly a week goes by that it doesn't set its teeth into some environmental program or other. The Administration's failure to undermine the Endangered Species Act suggests, however, that it doesn't necessarily have to win all such battles.

YOUR MOVE, ADDIES

Remember the big fuss last January when Pitt football Coach Jackie Sherrill quit the Panthers to accept a six-year, \$1.6 million offer from Texas A&M? Well, Texas A&M has been dickering to hire a Nobel Prize-winning physics professor away from Harvard, and there's speculation that the university, hoping to show that its priorities are in order, is prepared to give the scholar a money package matching Sherrill's. The professor, Sheldon Glashow, who shared the Nobel Prize in physics in 1979, naturally isn't averse to hearing such talk. Confirming to SI's Jill Lieber that he's scheduled to visit College Station this week for a speech and job discussions, he laid down what sounded suspiciously like a challenge to the Texas A&M hierarchy. Referring to Crimson Coach Joe Rennie, whose salary is believed to be in the \$35,000 range, Glashow said, pointedly, "At Harvard I do make more than the football coach."

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN

A lot of swell fights take place in bars, so it's only slightly surprising that Johnny's Ringside Lounge in Ames, Iowa features a boxing ring on its dance floor complete with bell, stools and ropes. But instead of throwing punches, the combatants who climb into the ring at Johnny's pepper each other with insults.

Johnny Mascaro, who runs the joint, is the coach of the Iowa State University boxing club and the "Italian amateur heavyweight champ" of Des Moines. He opened the lounge on Sept. 1, which, he notes, just happens to be Rocky Marciano's birthday.

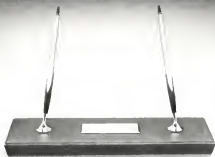
With a pitcher of beer on the line, the verbal pugilists trade slurs for three one-minute rounds. Between rounds there are 30-second rest periods in which cornermen can offer advice. In the interest of good sportsmanship, each contestant is required to smile throughout the bout. No body contact is permitted and the use of foul language is considered a low blow.



So are mother jokes. "We hold mothers in high esteem and we don't want to offend any," says Mascaro. Three unbiased patrons are enlisted to do the judging.

Mascaro says the most common insults are directed at opponent's sisters, who apparently aren't held in the same esteem as mothers, and the hated Hawkeyes of archrival Iowa. The sometimes creaky barbs wouldn't make anybody forget that legendary heavyweight from Dublin, Os-

continued



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SCORECARD continued

car Wilde, of the current champion, Don Rickles, who fights out of Vegas. Sample grouser: "Your sister swims out to meet troop ships." Another: "Who designed your face, Black & Decker?" The fact that all of this is taking place in Iowa may or may not lend substance to a putdown heard in neighboring Minnesota, where "Iowa jokes" have been all the rage lately among disc jockeys. Question: "What's the best thing ever to come out of Iowa?" Answer: "An empty bus."

AND WHO'S THIS LYNN IN CENTERFOLD?

We don't know quite what to make of the remark uttered by a secretary at the Wilcox (Neb.) Public School during the American League playoffs. Overhearing one of the school's coaches refer to Reggie Jackson of the Angels as "Mr. October," she earnestly asked, "In which magazine, *Playgirl* or *Playboy*?"

SIX WEEKS AND COUNTING

Notes on the six-week-old NFL strike, which took a new turn last week when mediator Sam Kagel recessed contract talks shortly before SI went to press:

- A U.S. Court of Appeals ruling earlier in the week that NFL owners can sue striking players in state courts to try to prevent them from participating in the "all-star games" sponsored by the NFL Players Association was a defeat for the union, which decided, at least for now, to cancel such games after only two of the scheduled 18 had been played. The ruling was also a setback for the rather strange alliance between the union and Ted Turner, whose Turner Broadcasting System televised the games. "With the other three networks lined up with the owners, it didn't seem like a fair fight," said Turner. That contrasted sharply with what Turner, who also owns the Atlanta Braves, said about players during last year's baseball strike: "Let's get rid of these guys and get new ones. That's what the Lord did. He drowned them all and started over again with two of each kind."

- Although owners hailed the Court of Appeals ruling, that decision could have the unwanted long-range effect of strengthening the idea that NFL teams are 28 competing individual entities and thus should be subject to antitrust laws. In its so-far-unsuccessful legal battle to stop Al Davis from moving the Oakland

continued



*"Yes, he's kind of a jack-of-all-trades.
What gets me is that he's master of them all."*



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Raiders to Los Angeles, the NFL has argued that, insofar as questions of franchise location are concerned, the league is a single entity and thus should be exempt from antitrust laws. It has invoked the same argument in pushing for a limited antitrust exemption from Congress.

● The NFL Management Council has regularly distributed compilations of media comments on the strike that it considers favorable to its position. Among the "pro-owners" quotes sent out by the council was this observation by Ron Martz in *The Atlanta Constitution*: "The players claim the owners are making obscene profits and [they] deserve the right to tell their bosses how to distribute those profits. The owners are making obscene profits. But, hey, that's the American way."

● The fact that the NFLPA reversed its bargaining position since the last contract negotiations in 1977 has been well documented. The union, which at that time favored individual salary negotiations, subsequently decided that the only way players can get their fair share of NFL riches is by means of a wage scale tied to a central fund. Less publicized was the fact that the NFL had similarly flip-flopped since 1975, when it made noises about wanting a wage scale in lieu of individual negotiations. The league can explain its subsequent turnaround by saying it could still accept a wage scale but not one in the particular form demanded by the NFLPA. But a well-informed strike watcher suggested that the virtual swap of positions by the two sides could also be explained by mutual enmity. "The negotiators genuinely don't like each other," he said. "Management figures out what the union doesn't like and then endorses it." As the strike dragged on, one sensed that the union was guilty of exactly the same thing.

PRESIDENTIAL POSTMORTEM

Some 20 minutes after his Brewers lost the seventh game of the World Series to the Cardinals, Harvey Kuenn was sitting in the visiting manager's office in Busch Stadium with a couple of Milwaukee newspapermen when the phone rang. "It's probably the President," one of them told Kuenn. "Yeah, sure," he replied. He picked up the phone, listened a moment and then cupped his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's who you said it was," he whispered. While Kuenn wanted

for the operator to put President Reagan on the line to offer nice-try congratulations to the Brewers, he gave voice to a sudden dark thought: "I wonder if he's going to second-guess me."

FUN(T) AND GAMES

There was a front page story in *The Wall Street Journal* last week about a 19-year-old computer whiz from Boston named Jonathan Rotenberg, who, among other endeavors, is designing a video game in which a player wins by "building something rather than destroying it." To appreciate the significance of this project, one must realize how much time video game addicts spend simulating violent acts. When they're not demolishing space ships (*Galaxians* and *Space Invaders*) or obliterating intergalactic objects (*Asteroids*), they're doing battle with a giant ape (*Donkey Kong*) or trying to destroy monsters before being destroyed themselves (*Pac-Man*).

And for violence that modern man can really relate to, there's a new video game called *Firebug*, in which players pretend to race through buildings and use cans of gasoline to set them ablaze. After that one drew the ire of Ohio Senator John Glenn and the International Association of Arson Investigators, *Firebug's* largest distributor, Softsel Computer Products of Inglewood, Calif., said last week that it would no longer handle the game. Now if only the same results could be achieved with an "adult" video game called *Custer's Revenge*, which feminist groups and American Indian activists oppose on the grounds that it glorifies rape and is racist. The object of *Custer's Revenge* is to overcome various obstacles to reach and ravish an Indian maiden; on the game's display carton, the maiden is shown tied to a stake. A spokesman for the manufacturer, American Multiple Industries of Northridge, Calif., says the game is "meant to be funny."

Hurry, Jonathan.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST RUNNER

In addition to being a major sports event (page 24), the New York Marathon is equal parts Middle Eastern bazaar, sales convention, trade show and corporate promotional outing. Consider the pre-marathon activities of the Du Pont Company, which provided the carpeting used to partially cover the grating that forms

the roadbed of two of the bridges along the race route. Although that might seem a relatively modest contribution, the fact that Du Pont Antron nylon carpeting was put to such use was ballyhooed at no fewer than five media events and "photo opportunities."

The press was invited to cover the installation of carpeting on both the Queensboro Bridge—this 3,975-foot strip was billed as the "world's longest runner"—and the Willis Avenue Bridge. It was also alerted to the display at the New York Road Runners Club's big Saturday night pasta party of a strip of carpeting and a section of steel bridge grating that Du Pont thoughtfully brought in so as to enable competitors to decide in advance whether they wanted to run the next day on bare or carpeted grating.

Another event on Du Pont's hectic schedule was the "Antron Sprint," featuring "internationally recognized superstar" Rod Dixon. Undeterred by a calf injury that kept him out of the race itself, Dixon, a New Zealander who won the bronze medal in the 1,500 meters at the 1972 Olympics and later switched to road racing, received \$1,000 to "warm up" the carpeting on the Queensboro Bridge and to shmooze with Du Pont executives, who defied a frigid wind and don't walk signs (the signs said nothing about running) to join him. Also present was a reporter from *Carpet and Rug Industry* magazine, who vacuumed up quotes. Whatever the value of Antron carpeting in protecting runners' feet from what Du Pont called the "unforgiving" surface of the Queensboro Bridge and the "fierce, almost unsurmountable" grating of the Willis Avenue Bridge, everybody who attended the media events agreed on one thing: Freshly laid carpeting sure has an appealing smell.

THEY SAID IT

● Johnny Carson, after the Angels blew a two-games-to-none lead and lost the American League playoffs to the Brewers: "Gene Autry has been in touch with Roy Rogers. He wants to know how to stuff a whole baseball team."

● Bill Yeoman, University of Houston football coach, whose players were immunized against a measles outbreak in Waco, Texas, where they proceeded to overcome a 21-0 halftime deficit to tie Baylor 21-21: "I thought we had a rather spotty first-half performance." **END**



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Mustangs On A Stampede

SMU kept charging for the Cotton Bowl by beating Texas 30-17 by **JOHN PAPANEK**

Coach Fred Akers of the Texas Longhorns likes to say that Austin is the greatest setting for college football in all of America. But he doesn't like it when opponents agree with him, and there was SMU's Craig James last Saturday doing just that. "This place does give me thrills," James was saying. "When I was a child in Houston, watching Longhorns like Steve Worster and Jim Bertelsen, watching the band march onto the field ... I dreamed about playing here. Coach Akers is right. This is college football. This is the greatest."

Of course, James's euphoria may have been induced by the fact that the Mustangs had just beaten Texas 30-17, thereby avenging their only loss of last season, extending their winning streak to 11 games—the nation's longest—and legitimizing their standing as the No. 4 team in the land. That result hadn't been part of Akers' plan or, in Texas football talk, Akers' scheme, and for one afternoon you might expect Akers would have to temper his enthusiasm for football in Austin just a bit.

"Nope," said Akers. "One play. Except for one freak play, it was our ball game. Boy! One darn play." That one play was a fourth-quarter Texas

continued

Setting up SMU's first score, Dickerson galloped 60 yards before Acorn (17) got him.



Joe Beard kept the Pony Express rolling by blowing out Longhorn defenders for James.

SMU-TEXAS continued

pass interception turned SMU touchdown, and it was a freak play in a game that had several. When a quarterback—in this case SMU's Lance McIlhenny—completes four of nine passes and three go for TDs, any one of them could be considered a freak play. But freak plays didn't win the game for SMU. It was SMU's defense and SMU's offense that won the game. And it was the scheme—Texas' scheme—that didn't work.

According to that plan, Texas was going to play most of its defense by controlling the football on offense, by keeping it away from SMU's tailback tandem of James and Eric Dickerson, who together were averaging 280.6 yards of offense per game. And when it had to, Texas would make fierce tackles and grind those glorified tailbacks into the carpet. As a result, the Mustangs would limp back to Dallas as 6-1 Ponies who had once again been gored by the Longhorns, rather than as 7-0 Mustangs stampeding toward the Cotton Bowl.

Akers was counting on Texas tradition and intimidation to make up for what the 3-1 Longhorns lacked—and because there were no more Hams, Lams, Jams or Simses around, that meant Texas lacked an established offense and defense. With two weeks to prepare for this Southwest Conference showdown, Akers did a masterful job of motivating his young team. The Longhorn players so saturated the newspapers with ugly noises about their opponents, it began to appear that Texas might have a Heisman-quality press agent hidden among its redshirts. "I respect every quarterback's ability to take a lick except for that guy at SMU," said Defensive End Kiko DeAyala. "McIlhenny is a crybaby," said Middle Linebacker Jeff Leiding. "I think they're scared. Deep down they don't really think they can beat us. If we can put a couple of sticks on Dickerson, he'll fold up and go tippy-toe."

Someone showed Leiding's quote to Dickerson at breakfast Saturday morning, and he was flabbergasted. He then showed it to James. The two of them

laughed. "What's this?" James said to Dickerson. "I don't know if they think they're psyching us out or what," said Dickerson. "It's like they think we're freshmen or something."

The only freshman of consequence at SMU is Bobby Collins, 49, who came aboard last winter after a long, successful run at Southern Mississippi. He replaced Ron Meyer, who left SMU to take over the New England Patriots. The Mustangs, most of whom are seniors, including Dickerson and James, treated Collins like an unwanted stepfather at first. "I avoided him," says Dickerson. "To tell you the truth, I was really afraid of him. I saw the white hair and I thought, 'Oh, no. A father-figure type.'"

But the coaching transition went smoothly for the most part, mainly because Collins has the personality of a country parson, his football concepts are nearly identical to Meyer's and, more than anything, he was determined not to mess up a good thing. "It was an act of

faith on the players' part," says Collins. "I get to Dallas, have a meeting with these players and say, 'I'm here. I'm happy to be here. But you're not going to see me for a while. Got to go recruiting.' Then I'm on the road, or at the motel where I'm staying in Dallas 'cause the family's still in Mississippi, and I think, 'Oh, my God! I haven't even met my players yet, and they're the ones I'm going to have to depend on. This whole thing could be a washout. We could go 5-6 with this great senior team. I ought to be out talking to a recruit. Or talking to my new linebackers. Just what am I selling?' I don't even know where the chow hall is."

He did know about Dickerson and James, though, and beyond that, there wasn't much he needed to know. "In a coach's lifetime there's a good possibility that he'll never have one James or one Dickerson," he says. "To have both at the same time..." Dickerson is a 6'2", 217-pound natural, with very long, powerful legs, who ran a 9.4 100-yard dash as a high school junior in Sealy, Texas. James, at 6'1", 215 pounds, is just slight-



When McIlhenny wasn't handing off to members of the Express, he threw for three TDs.

ly more to the power-back side of the spectrum and about a quarter of a step slower than his backfield mate. But beyond that and the fact that Dickerson is black and James is white, there's little discernible difference between the two. "I never have any idea which one of them is in the game," says McIlhenny. "It doesn't matter one bit."

Through SMU's first six games, Collins stayed with Meyer's practice of alternating James and Dickerson—the Pony Express—as the tailbacks in the I, a strategy that last year enabled the two to become only the fifth pair of backs on the same team to average 100 yards or more apiece per game for a season. Dickerson's average was 129.8; James's was 104.3. Going into last week's game the Express was rushing for 253 yards a game, 19 yards ahead of last year's pace; Dickerson was averaging 166.8 and James 86.2. They were still alternating—one possession you play, one possession I play—but Dickerson had carried the ball 29 more times, or about a game's worth of carries, than James. But then, James had become SMU's punter and was booming them 46.1 yards per boot, fourth-best in the nation.

SMU's new Coach Collins has stuck to his strategy of not messing with a good thing.

Far from being rivals fighting for the football, James and Dickerson are in fact close friends. Last Wednesday they did some late-night partying together and showed up the worse for it at practice on Thursday. "Our annual weekly night on the town," said a somewhat hurting James. Dickerson is easygoing and forever joking; James is the perfect blue-eyed Mr. Wonderful every Texas momma would love to have for her debutante daughter. Bad news for the debs: In March, James will marry SMU coed Marilyn Arps, whom he has dated since his days at Stratford High in Houston.

Because Dickerson has emerged as a Heisman Trophy candidate—especially after his 241-yard show against Houston a week before the Texas game—the Dallas press has been trying to uncover signs of jealousy between James and him. James had been attributing his lower numbers to bad luck: "I'm running better than ever," he would say. "Eric just seems to be in for the long drives, and I get in for the short ones." And to penalties: "I've had 200 yards called back, and that's no exaggeration." But last week he told the *Dallas Times Herald*, "Because I don't go in and complain, because I don't go in and cause an uproar with the coaches, maybe they think they can walk all over me." This made the coaches sit up and take notice, because James's is

continued



one ego no coach would want to see bruised. Still, there was little the staff could do because James had indeed been getting his regular turn at tailback. However unlucky James may have been so far this season, there was—and is—no ill will between him and “Dick.”

For his part, Dickerson says he refuses to “get caught up in [the Heisman] limbo, because then if I don’t get it, it will be such a disappointment.” Besides, he likes James, and he likes alternating. “Oh yeah, sometimes when you’re really hot you’ll think, ‘Damn! I wish this was my series.’ But alternating is better for both of us and definitely better for the team. Look, late in the game I’m always fresh and Craig’s always fresh. The defense is tired. They don’t alternate tackles, guards and linebackers.”

Not that Texas wouldn’t have if it had had the personnel. Last year the Longhorns beat the Mustangs 9-7 on three field goals. The game was sort of a romp in the playground for Kenneth Sims, who, not incidentally, became the first-round draft pick of Meyer’s Patriots. “Sims tossed me around like I was a baby,” says Dickerson, who was held to 38 yards, his only sub-100-yard game of the year. James got only 56, his second-worst performance of the year. This time around, Texas’ defense would be doing not only without Sims, but also without two starting tackles sidelined with injuries. Even so, one could hardly call this Texas unit a no-name defense. Names they have. Mossy and Jitter (Cade and

Fields), Fred Acorn and Robert Smothers, a boy named June (Linebacker June James) and a tackle named Tony Degrate. “When he gets mad he really plays and we call him Degratest,” says DeAyala. “When he has a bad game we call him Deworst.”

Though the Texas defense was young and thin, it did well to hold Dickerson to 118 yards on 19 carries and James to 57 on 17. But the Express took its toll on Texas, anyway. Collins isn’t about to entirely change Meyer’s system of alternating the two, but several weeks ago he had taken to putting both of them in the backfield together in goal-line situations, and SMU was seven-for-seven in scoring close-yardage touchdowns. On Saturday, Collins went with the loaded backfield for all three downs on SMU’s first possession of the game, and continued to use it off and on thereafter. It’s a strange-looking arrangement. Call it the Cock-I’d formation—an equilateral triangle with freshman Reggie Dupard, the third tailback, making an appearance in the fullback position, Dickerson or James in the normal I-back posi-



tion, and the other member of the Pony Express off to the right or left, between the I-back and the fullback.

Still, through the first quarter SMU got nowhere running the ball. Then, just as the second quarter started, on third-and-two from the SMU 31, McIlhenny pitched to Dickerson, the I-back, on an option right. James, who also loves to block, of course, took out Safety Jerry Gray and Dupard cracked inside on Acorn, opening up a hole large enough for Dickerson to streak through and go untouched until he was caught by Acorn 60 yards downfield, at the nine. Three plays later Dickerson slammed over for the game’s first touchdown. Jeff Harrell’s 30-yard field goal in the third quarter looked like all the insurance points SMU would need in what appeared to be another crunching defensive battle.

In the fourth quarter, though, Longhorn Defensive End Ed Williams caused McIlhenny to fumble as he was sprinting out on an option play, and Texas recovered at midfield. SMU had been anticipating that Quarterback Robert Brewer would eventually try to get the ball to



The Ponies didn’t find Texas Tailback John Walker daarming. He gained but 45 yards.



Leach, pursued by Gray (2) and Fields, scored on a pass that Fields couldn't field.

speedy Flanker Herkie Walls. But Brewer hadn't been able to do it through the air, so now Texas ran what looked like its end-around for Walls, a play the Mustangs had prepared for. Only this time it was a fake, which SMU wasn't prepared for. Longhorn Tight End Bobby Micho got behind Safety Blane Smith downfield on a coverage mixup and Brewer hit him for a 51-yard touchdown. A few moments later, Tailback Darryl Clark went 24 yards with an option pitch to set up Raul Allegre's 41-yard field goal, and before you could say hook 'em, the game was tied up at 10-10.

Now the Mustangs were pressing, and here was where all the pregame intimidation would show if it was going to. On third-and-nine from his own 21, McIlhenny was forced to pass for only the seventh time. "I was scared to death," he would say later of the moment when he realized that his throw, intended for Bobby Leach, was heading straight into Fields' hands at the Longhorn 35. But they don't call him Jitter for nothing. "I thought he had the ball and was going the other way. He apparently thought the

The Longhorns were disbelieving but not ready to roll over. On the next series Texas had a second-and-19 on the Mustangs' 44, but the wide-open Walls dropped a bomb and the drive died.

McIlhenny soon found himself with another third-and-long, from the Texas 33. This time he threw a balloon ball to Jackie Wilson for another SMU touchdown to make it 23-10. Texas came back with a 51-yard drive that ended with a two-yard Brewer pass to Walls, who somehow picked the ball off in a swarm of Mustangs to make the score 23-17 with 1:50 to go.

McIlhenny then iced the game with his third straight TD completion. With Texas in an eight-man front looking for SMU to run out the clock, McIlhenny called a play-action pass, a 46-yard floater to James, who disguised his route as a regular blocking assignment on Cade. At which point Dickerson, James's most vocal cheerleader, safely announced to his fellow Mustangs, "See what happens when people go talking all that trash!"

In the end, Texas was still hung up on "that freak play" while SMU was sniffing a Nov. 20 showdown with unbeaten Arkansas. "We needed this to prove we belong near the top," said Dickerson. On the other side Akers was saying, "We're Texas. And being Texas counts for something."

On Saturday, being Texas counted for 17. Being SMU counted for 30.



Wilson stretched the SMU lead to 23-10 with a 33-yard catch in the fourth quarter.

Together they ran south through Harlem, to the ringing of church bells and the plink of metal drums. Together and alone. Twenty-one miles into Sunday's New York City Marathon, defending champion and world-record holder Alberto Salazar of the U.S. was matching Rodolfo Gomez of Mexico stride for stride down upper Fifth Avenue, while none of the other 14,306 runners had yet left the South Bronx. "What I would like to see is a battle, a competition to the finish," Race Director Fred Lebow had said earlier, and for the first time in the 13-year history of its marathon, New York was seeing just that. Indeed, rarely had two marathoners dueling this fiercely anywhere.

And they weren't fighting merely each

into Central Park. Now nothing would be casual. Gomez planned—or hoped—to remain close to Salazar and then to outkick him in the final 200 meters. Salazar, however, had worked for months on his "surges"—brief bursts of speed used to break the body and spirit of an opponent—and his intention was to throw a series of them at Gomez. "I was worried," Salazar said. "I knew he had more speed in the last quarter mile."

Salazar, 24, had worked on his surging with a different opponent in mind: Dick Beardsley, the Minnesota farm boy who nearly defeated him last April in the Bos-

ton Marathon. There, Salazar out-sprinted Beardsley in the last half mile to win by a scant two seconds, 2:08:51 to 2:08:53. All week long in New York, attention had focused on Sunday's rematch. Would Salazar, unbeaten in the three marathons he had run, finally lose one? Or would he take revenge on Beardsley, whose post-race comments at Boston—he had said that a motorcycle and press bus had come too close to him near the finish; Salazar thought it was excuse making—had slightly soured Salazar's victory?

Neither one, actually, for Beardsley

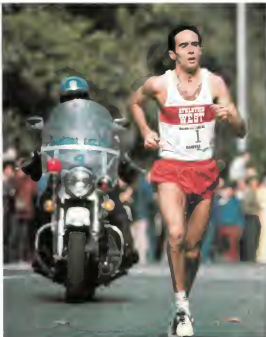
Alberto Salazar had to fend off the challenge of Mexico's Rodolfo Gomez to win his third straight New York City Marathon **by CRAIG NEFF**

They Grappled In The Big Apple

other. Stiff head winds and crosswinds had been buffeting the runners since the 10:40 a.m. start on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, slowing them enough so that Salazar's year-old world record of 2:08:13 was well out of reach. "To get the world record today I would have had to run a 2:07 equivalent," Salazar said later. Running even a 2:10 would be difficult for him because of a nagging pain in his side; he had developed a stitch at 13 miles that would stay with him to the finish line. Gomez, meanwhile, was bothered by a stomachache.

Through the 22nd and 23rd miles, the two stayed no more than a stride apart. Gomez, 31, a two-time Olympian from Mexico City, had moved ahead of Salazar and a pack of six others at 17 miles and had not yielded the lead since. If he seemed to be struggling slightly, with his fists punching the air in front of him and his shoulders working, it was only his natural style. As he would say, "Except for Salazar, who was fighting me hard, it was casual, just casual."

At 23 miles Salazar pulled alongside Gomez, and the pair made a sharp right



Defender and contender matched strides the last six miles, till Salazar sprinted ahead.

was never a factor in New York. His right thigh cramped up early in the race, and his calves gradually tightened. He cut from one side of the pack to the other for the first 10 miles, weaving across the road in a vain attempt, he said, "to find my little groove. I never got comfortable. It was like tossing and turning in bed." Beardsley faded back after 13 miles and finished a dismal 30th in 2:18:12. "I'd like to say I'm sorry to Al for not giving him a better race," he said.

But as Gomez and Salazar cruised along the curving, undulating Central Park roadway, Salazar clearly had all the race he could handle. The two were still together, much like any two weekend jogging buddies, except that thousands of people were standing, sitting on rocks and hanging from trees watching them. The pair even tried to shorten their run—at the minimum, they would race the regulation distance of 26 miles, 385 yards

plus a safety factor of 26 yards—by cutting across the road at every turn. Hey, these were a couple of guys New Yorkers could relate to.

And when Salazar put on his first surge with 1½ miles to go, the crowd loved it. Gomez was less thrilled, but he quickly pulled back up to Salazar. Salazar surged again. Gomez caught up, not so quickly. After a third surge, Salazar was encouraged. "I noticed he wouldn't come back to me for 100 yards or so," he said later. "I knew he was starting to break." Salazar surged again.

He also picked up the race tempo after each surge, he decelerated only slightly. "I didn't want to give him time to rest," Salazar would say. Yet with 600 yards to go, he hadn't shaken free from Gomez. But then came The Cloud.

When several motorcycles veered off the paved roadway onto a dirt patch toward the finishing area, a storm of dust swirled, swallowing up both Gomez and Salazar. So thick was the dust that some bystanders thought a smoke bomb had exploded. "I wasn't worried about it," said Salazar. "At that point I could have held my breath and finished." But Gomez, who had entered the cloud a step behind Salazar, seemed to get lost in it. He came out almost 10 yards behind Salazar, who had thrown in another surge to coincide with the unexpected smoke screen. The race was over. Gomez had no strength left for sprinting, and Salazar beat him to the tape by 35 yards, finishing in 2:09:29 to Gomez' 2:09:33. The times were, respectively, the 13th- and 15th-fastest ever.

Meanwhile, the women's race had become almost no race at all. After leading a small pack for 10 miles, Norway's Grete Waitz pulled far ahead through Brooklyn and Queens. "It's two years since she finished her last marathon and that scares you," said her hus-



Waitz left injuries and her field behind.

band, Jack, alluding to Waitz's recent succession of leg injuries. "Last year [when Grete dropped out of the New York race at 15 miles] I waited at the Queensboro Bridge and Grete never came. I went to the finish but couldn't find her. So I went to the hotel. She was in the room watching television." This time Jack saw his wife not only leave the Queensboro Bridge, the 16-mile mark, with a 50-second lead, but also watched her finish in 2:27:14. Waitz might have come closer to Allison Roe's world record of 2:25:29, set in New York last year, had it not been for the 14 mph wind. "There were no gentlemen out there who wanted to protect us," she explained. Nevertheless, Waitz won her fourth New York title in five years and did so without even taking off her dainty white gloves.

Salazar, while saying he could probably run a 2:05 someday, wasn't doing any boasting. After four victories in as many marathons, all under 2:10, one of them a world record, he wouldn't even suggest that he was unbeatable. "Not ever being beaten doesn't mean that someone is invincible," said Salazar. "It means he played his cards right and was always ready at the right time." As usual, Alberto was the ace.



For All You Do, This Hug's For You



St. Louis overcame bad weather, flip-flops of fate and Milwaukee to sweep Games 6 and 7 and win its ninth World Series **by RON FIMRITE**

Gorman Thomas was being a party pooper, a spoilsport. The Milwaukee slugger, no stranger to partying himself, kept hanging in there against the Cardinals' invincible Bruce Sutter, fouling off Sutter's unhittable split-fingered fastball as he tried to avoid becoming the last batter in the last inning of the last game of the 1982 World Series. St. Louis led by three runs, there were two outs and the count had reached 3 and 2, but Thomas wouldn't leave like a gentleman and let the Busch Stadium crowd have its celebration. His tenacity created an uncommonly anxious atmosphere in a ball park where, what with the repeated appear-

ances of the Anheuser-Busch Clydesdales, the endlessly repetitive Budweiser jingles and the oleaginous public address announcer who introduces home-team batters as if they are talk show hosts, a spectator can feel that he's merely one of 50,000 extras in some colossal beer commercial. The fans' edginess increased as Thomas hacked three more split-fingers into the seats. Then Sutter changed his M.O. and tossed up a conventional fastball. Thomas took another mighty cut and hit nothing but the cold night air. Cardinals 6, Brewers 3 in the game. Cardinals 4, Brewers 3 in the Series. The crowd, freed of frustration, spilled onto

the artificial turf and sprinted past the mounted police and canine corpsmen deployed to stop them from reaching the jubilant Cards. "This Bud's for you. . . ."

The Redbirds' Series triumph was about as agonizing as those last extended moments. It was, as Cardinal Second Baseman Tommy Herr described it, "an odd Series," one in which the slugging Brewers, Harvey's fearsome Wall-bangers, often played as deftly as their supposedly more artful opponents. And there were games—the third, for example—in which the Cards won on power. The teams traded blowouts, the Brewers winning the opener 10-2 and the Cards the sixth game 13-1. The swiftly changing character of the Series drove trendspotters dotty. There seemed to be no thread. What was supposed to be a classic matchup of power vs. speed scarcely materialized until the finale.

After Game 5, which the Brewers won 6-4, the experts thought they'd finally



Sutter, who had carried the Cardinals all season, did it again after saving Game 7.

fore the Series began. St. Louis' Whitey Herzog was cast as the genius, the man who, when he also wore the general manager's hat, made the daring trades that rebuilt the Cardinals in his image. Herzog is a latter-day Branch Ricketts who holds to the philosophy that arms and legs win pennants, not big bats. Under Herzog's platinum thatch throbs a brain so alive with stratagems that it might as well belong to a football coach.

As for Milwaukee's Harvey Kuenn, well, he takes out a lineup card with the same Brewer names on it every day. The pitchers, whoever they are, are another matter. When he reminded a sportswriter from Phoenix during the Series that he would be seeing him on the first tee of an Arizona golf course four days after the seventh game, Kuenn chuckled at his own insouciance. "See, I can't even tell you who's pitching tomorrow, but I can remember when my next golf game is," he said.

Clearly this would be a managerial mismatch, especially dire news for the Brewers because conventional wisdom has it that in a best-of-seven series every oversight tends to be magnified. Not necessarily, as it turned out. Herzog made all the debatable moves in the early going. In Game 3, he brought in Sutter in the seventh inning with the bases loaded and St. Louis leading 5-0, an unorthodox deployment of someone who is usual-

continued

found the point on which the Series would turn—the surprising Milwaukee defense. The Brewers made at least six defensive gems in the fifth game, including sprawling catches by First Baseman Cecil Cooper and Second Baseman Jim Gantner that prevented critical runs. Now there was something a pundit could hang his reputation on! The Cards, after all, were supposed to be the defensive specialists. Yes, it seemed that those who lived by the shield would die on the shield. So what happened next? In the sixth game, Milwaukee committed four official errors and a couple more that the charitable scorers didn't count against them. Gantner had two of the most egregious bobbles, and the peerless Robin Yount, whose middle initials seem to be M.V.P., had two more. (The Brewers

would finish the Series with 11 errors.) By this time the trend-seekers had given up the ghost.

Even the managers were cooperating in the campaign to keep everyone befuddled. Their roles were clearly defined be-

McGee's jarring slide into home in Game 6 produced the second run in a 13-1 romp.



ity brought in late to protect a narrow lead. The next day, Herzog didn't—or couldn't—use Suttler as the Cardinals vainly attempted to stem the Brewers' six-run, seventh-inning rally.

Herzog also persisted in sending righthand-hitting Gene Tenace up to face lefty Bob McClure as a pinch hitter for Ken Oberkfell—even though in Game 4 Obie was 1 for 2 and in Game 5 he was 3 for 4. Tenace was the last out in both games, the Designated Last Out, as it were.

And Herzog seemed so intent on using

Green, a threat to steal. The batter was Walbe McGee, a switch hitter. McClure's arrival did two things, both bad, to the St. Louis offense. Because he has an excellent move to first, McClure effectively froze Green on the bag, and as a left-hander, he forced McGee to bat right, his weaker side. It also takes McGee longer to get to first from the right side. McGee promptly ended the inning and the rally by grounding into a remarkable double play—remarkable in that Green and he are two of the swiftest Cardinals. The game ended 7-5. Score one for Kuenn.



The ump said out, but the cameras said safe when Lonnie Smith tried to steal home.

St. Louis' speed in an attempt to embarrass Brewer Catcher Ted Simmons, an erstwhile Cardinal—Lonnie Smith was thrown out attempting to steal third in the fifth game and home in the sixth—that, as one baseball man put it, "He's managing like a general manager, trying to justify that trade."

Kuenn, meanwhile, handled his Rolfe Fingers-less bullpen with uncommon mystery, inducing McClure, a starter for most of the season, on the Cardinals at inopportune, for them, moments. In the eighth inning of the fourth game, for example, Kuenn brought McClure in to protect a 7-5 Milwaukee lead with one out and runners on first and third. The runner on first was the speedy David

The Brewers, in fact, seemed to have a pronounced edge returning to St. Louis for the final two games. In winning the fifth game, the last in Milwaukee, they put the odds squarely in their favor. In the previous 30 best-of-seven Series in which teams were tied at two apiece after four games, the winner of Game 5 went on to win the championship 23 times. Brewer fans celebrated that fifth-game win as if it were the seventh. From County Stadium to Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukeeans toasted what they considered to be the inevitable triumph with a bibulous vigor not seen around those parts since 1957, when the National League Braves, who kept shop there from 1953 to '65, whipped the Yankees in seven.

St. Louis is the older of the two cities (incorporated in 1823, Milwaukee in 1846) and the more established in baseball, too. The franchise has been a member of the National League since 1892. And yet in this World Series, the Brewers seemed to be the more traditional team. Their fans and the ball park were the reasons. County Stadium is, at age 29, an old park by contemporary standards. It was built for baseball. It has pillars and posts. The stands are close to the field, and the P.A. guy doesn't sound like the floor-walker on the old Jack Benny show. There are no commercial jingles to respond to in County Stadium, but the fans, mostly working-class folk, are dedicated singers. *The Beer Barrel Polka* being a logical favorite.

Cesar's Inn, the bar/rooming house owned by Harvey and Audrey Kuenn two miles from the ball park, in West Milwaukee, became an informal rooters' headquarters during Series week. The one-legged Harvey, in bathrobe and on crutches, would be up early to greet the morning umbrellas, and Audrey, a charming woman who is Harvey's second wife—he's her third husband—would purvey the suds. One noon hour, a factory worker named Chuck La Joice dropped in with his boxer, Harley, a matter of little moment except that Harley, who's normally all white, was painted from muzzle to tail in Brewer blue and gold. "Harley was almost on *PM Magazine*," La Joice said over a Pabst. "They asked me if he could do any tricks. I said, yeah, he can. He can sit still for an hour while I paint him." It's a folksy place.

It had been bitterly cold in Milwaukee but mostly dry. The reverse was true when the two teams trekked back to St. Louis for the sixth game. There may have been evenings more meteorologically diverse than that of Oct. 19, but it seems unlikely. The game started at 7:21 in summery 70° temperatures. It ended five hours later nearly 30° colder. And in between, it rained. The rain started pouring in the top of the fifth inning when the Brewers were already behind 5-0. It rained so hard, for that matter, that Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who would wear only his blue blazer on the tundra, actually slipped into a trench coat. In the bottom half of the inning, Lonnie Smith led off with a bloop single to right that might have been a double had he not fallen on his keister between

continued



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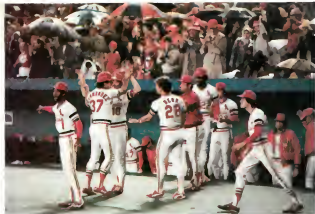


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first and second. Smith falls down a lot, both on the bases and in the outfield, but the wet rug, not questionable equilibrium, was at fault here. Oberkfell grounded out, but Keith Hernandez hit a ball that all but disappeared in the rain clouds before it descended beyond the rightfield fence. The score was now 7-0, and Kuenn, who had rested his hopes for a six-game Series on Don Sutton, his most experienced and Series-hardened starter (this was Sutton's fourth Series), limped out to the mound. This gave Kuhn ample time to call a rain delay.

Twenty-six minutes later, the action resumed. But not for long. Jim Slaton finished the fifth for the Brewers. Doc Medich started the bottom of the sixth for them. He also finished it—some two-and-a-half hours and six runs later. The good doctor had given up three hits, thrown two wild pitches and allowed another run before the game was mercifully called again. The delay this time was two hours and 13 minutes, as a veritable monsoon swept across the Busch Stadium carpet, transforming it into another Great Lake. There seemed little enthusiasm on the part of the Brewers or the fans to resume the desultory action. Milwaukee was trailing 8-0, and Cardinal rookie John Stuper had given up only two singles. St. Louisans were returning in droves to their homes and taverns, not necessarily in that order. Gantner remarked on national television that the field was hazardous and that serious injury might result from a resumption of play. He had already committed one of his two errors, on a ground ball hit in the third by Lonnie Smith, and he would protest later that fielding grounders on this night was a little like handling "a slippery fish." Kuhn immediately followed Gantner on the tube, remarking diplomatically that the second baseman was entitled to his opinion, but that this, mind you, was the World Series and the game must go on.

When it finally did, the temperatures were in the 40s. Gantner made another error, and Medich gave up five more runs. The score was 13-0 when Stuper returned to the mound to start the seventh, eons since he had last left it. Stuper was allowed to continue, Herzog said, because he had a shutout working and because he hadn't thrown many pitches—the total would be 103 for the whole game, or only 20.6 an hour. Stuper spent



By just swinging in the rain, Hernandez homered in Game 6 and got a hero's welcome.

his long supper break having his arm rubbed down and inspecting the field, possibly for trout. He's an engaging 25-year-old Pennsylvanian who was a journalism student in college and now employs that training as the anchorman on the John Cosell Show, a Bob-and-Ray-type interview spoof he and several other young Cardinals perform after every game. "I've always prided myself on my ability to lie." Utility Infielder Mike Ramsey will reply in answer to an inane, albeit embarrassing question from his interlocutors.

Stuper stood for some time after the game answering similar questions from real journalists. He wore a Budweiser Light cap. He acknowledged that he, too, had second thoughts about prolonging his participation in the bizarre enterprise the sixth game had become. "There's a fine line between being a hero and being dumb," he said. "I didn't want to go out there and give up three or four quick runs." He gave up only one, and that in the ninth, just before the players and the 18,000 or so fans remaining from an original crowd of 53,723 fled for shelter.

Stuper's performance was surely one of the most unusual in World Series history. He had a shutout for nearly five hours. He went more than four hours without giving up a hit—from Charlie Moore's leadoff single in the third to Gantner's double in the ninth. He pitched in almost everything but snow and sleet. And, he said, he never got over his nervousness in all that lost time. "But my nervousness has never adversely af-

fected me. I actually need to be nervous."

It was a big win for the Cardinals, as well as a long one. They had beaten, nay clobbered, a confident team, and they would play the seventh game in their own park. And now they had history on their side. St. Louis had won the seventh game six of seven times in previous Series. But caution seemed the watchword for both sides. "There are no edges," Simmons had said earlier in the Series, "only games. People who look for edges set themselves up for extreme disappointment." The 13-1 win meant no more than the 10-0 defeat to either team, said Hernandez, the matinee-idol first baseman who was a sixth-game hero with his homer and four RBIs. Hernandez had learned patience in this Series. He'd gone 0 for 15 through the first four games and committed two errors. But in the next two games he had five hits and six ribbies and fielded flawlessly. Hernandez had mocked his fielding misfortunes by tapping forks to all 10 of his fingers in the clubhouse. His hands were free of utensils now, and he was holding a hot bat. He was also in the unique position of playing two World Series games on his 29th birthday, the sixth finishing in the early morning that day, the seventh starting that night.

There was no rain for Game 7, just cold. But the Cardinals would finally play their game of slap-hit, run and defend. Ozzie Smith, the acrobatic shortstop, set the tone by executing two backflips on the way to his position before the start of the game. The flips, he explained, are his

continued



way of celebrating the end of this or any other season. Smith played four years for San Diego, where the end of a season was indeed cause for celebration, simply because, at last, it was over. Now he was jumping for joy. This was the big one.

The starters would be Pete Vuckovich for Milwaukee and Joquin Andujar for St. Louis. Vuckovich had won 18 games in the regular season, but he hadn't won anything in a month. Andujar, who had won 15 games during the season, hadn't lost in two months. But in the seventh inning of the third game, while working on a shutout, he was felled by a wicked hopper hit by Simmons that caromed off his right leg just below the knee. Andujar was carried off the field. His leg was still sore five evenings later, but no one was going to keep him from pitching the climactic game. He retired the first nine Milwaukee hitters and shut out the Brewers through four innings before throwing a leadoff homer to Oglive in the fifth. The Cardinals, meanwhile, were spraying the park with line drives, but leaving runners on at a fearful clip. They had eight hits and two walks off Vuckovich through five, but had scored only one run. "I was afraid we'd never get that two-out hit," said Herzog.

But both teams were playing champi-

onship baseball. George Hendrick and Oberkfell stuffed one Brewer rally in the fourth. Hendrick with a brilliant throw from right after fielding Cecil Cooper's single and Oberkfell with a deft, sweeping tag of a sliding Yount at third. Then, in the sixth, there were ominous rumblings. Gantner led off with a double to the right-centerfield gap and Paul Molitor, enjoying a banner Series—he'd finish with a .355 average—dropped a perfect bunt down the third-base line. The sore-legged Andujar fielded it, but despite having no chance of getting Molitor, he threw off balance and wildly to first. Gantner scored on the error and Molitor moved to second. Could a pitcher's error once again open the floodgates as it had in Game 4, when St. Louis' Dave LaPoint dropped Hernandez' throw in the fateful seventh? Apparently, for Yount then hit a bouncer to second and Andujar failed to cover. Molitor went to third on that play and scored on Cecil Cooper's sacrifice fly. It was 3-1 Brewers now. The Cardinals were in a hole.

They got out of it quickly. With one out in their half of the sixth, Ozzie Smith singled and Lonnie Smith doubled. Kuenn lifted the floundering Vuckovich for the dread McClure, who would

Hendrick's dead-on peg to Oberkfell made Yount an easy out at third base in Game 7.

face—who else?—Tennie hitting once more for Oberkfell. But this time the DLO got the best of his nemesis. McClure walked him to load the bases, bringing up Hernandez. McClure's boyhood friend from Linda Mar, Calif. With the count 3 and 1, Hernandez was looking for a pitch he could handle, but McClure gave him what Hernandez later said was "a nasty pitch on the inside corner. I don't know how I hit it, but it sure was a great feeling." Hernandez singled to center to score the tying runs. Then Hendrick hit another good pitch to the opposite field to drive home the winning run.

The Cards got two insurance runs in the eighth, after Herzog had brought in Sutter to pitch the last two innings. Sutter's Series ERA at that point was 6.35, but Herzog hadn't lost faith. Herzog explained later that Andujar was starting to get his fastball up, and, besides, the pitcher might have blown his cool during an incident following Milwaukee's half of the seventh.

Andujar has many curious mannerisms on the mound, some of which—such as forming his hand into a pistol and aiming at the batter after a strike—are considered inflammatory. In the seventh Gantner hit the ball back to Andujar. When Andujar held onto it just long enough to keep Gantner running, Gantner turned in rage and called Andujar an unspeakable hot dog. Andujar replied that Gantner was an unspeakable unspeakable and that he didn't have to take that kind of unspeakable verbal abuse from anyone. Maybe the unspeakable Gantner would like to fight. Home Plate Umpire Lee Weyer, a huge man, stepped between the possible combatants and marched Andujar back to the Cardinal dugout, thus preserving the dignity of the Series.

In an appropriately zany aftermath to this episode, Andujar was asked in the press interview room to recount his exchange with Gantner. He, in turn, asked if he could possibly repeat language like that over a microphone. When informed that he could, he cheerfully obliged, peeling paint from the walls with the retelling of the blue dialogue. No one realized that Andujar's entire recitation

would be routinely broadcast over the public address system to the many thousands still celebrating in the park. The fans, possibly regarding such salty talk as a welcome departure from the "wave-those-red-pennants" trifle that is their normal P.A. fare, gleefully cheered every single foul utterance from Andujar.

Any fears about Sutter's effectiveness were quickly dismissed. The Brewers went down in order in both the eighth and ninth. And what an order it was: Molitor, Yount, Cooper, Simmons, Oglivie and Thomas. Not one of the Brewer sluggers got the ball out of the infield, and Yount and Thomas struck out, Thomas not without a struggle. It was the Cardinals' ninth World Series championship, tops in the National League, and the National League's fourth Series win in a row.

Darrell Porter, the catcher whose acquisition made it possible for Herzog to trade Simmons, was named the Most Valuable Player for his timely hitting (five RBIs) and excellent defensive play, but the award could as easily have gone to Andujar, who won two games; Sutter, who had a win and two saves; Hendrick, who had the deciding RBI in Game 7 and hit .321; or Hernandez, who recovered from his early slump to drive in a Series-leading eight runs. And then there was Dane Iorg, who batted .529 as a DH, compared to the .125 of his more experienced Brewer counterparts.

The Cardinals' clubhouse was relatively subdued after the game, save for the usual wasteful champagne spraying. Hendrick, who doesn't speak to the press, left the park almost immediately afterward and disappeared into the off-season. The John Coseff Show signed off for the year. And many of the Brewers turned up to honor their conquerors. Sutton



Nicky and Ugly were doggone mad that their master lost.

embraced Hernandez, whose homer had ruined him the night before. "You're supposed to take that pitch for ball two, you dummy," Sutton said, laughing on the outside.

More than 200,000 fans showed up for

the victory parade in downtown St. Louis the next day. It was called the biggest celebration in the history of the city, and for some of the celebrants, it lasted all night. After the parade, Herzog escaped for lunch at Stan Musial's restaurant, where living legends appear in such plenitude that a mere World Series-winning manager can dine in solitude.

In the end, Herzog had been vindicated. Sutter had been there when he was needed. Herzog's park, with its slick surface and had been the right size for the game he wanted to play. The Cards had needed 15 hits to score six runs in Game 7, but that was Herzog's style. The Wallbangers had gotten only seven hits. "The strange thing," said Herzog, summing it up very nicely, "is that when you have defense and speed and your pitchers don't walk batters and keep the ball in the ball park, you can win every game." Well, maybe not every game, but certainly the big ones. **END**



Series MVP Porter got a big hand from the St. Louis parade crowd.

QUESTION

4

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CAN THE NBA SAVE ITSELF?

On the eve of its 37th season, the league is faced with spiraling costs, limited revenues and a possible strike—which may be the owners' best way to cut their losses

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

The old man had been sitting quietly at the table for some time, staring straight ahead, when he finally began muttering. For hours the old man had listened as the NBA Board of Governors talked about player salaries; at one point he even joined a panel discussion—"It's Delightful, It's Delicious, It's Depreciation." Now his comments, barely audible at first, became louder with each passing speaker.

He and the other owners sat beneath a crystal teardrop chandelier that hovered over the meeting like a great sorrow. The old man had disliked the owners' meetings since the young Turks had taken over, men who had built fortunes by doing two things well—buying and selling. He seemed especially galled by the fact that three of the league's franchises were now owned by men who had been successful automobile dealers.

"Car salesmen!" he had shouted at his wife a few nights earlier. "I am sitting on my home watching the Carson show on TV—that Sammy Davis Jr., what a funny man. And deep! We could all learn a lot from him—when a member of the Board of Governors suddenly comes galloping



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD KOREN

across my screen on the back of an elephant. Says his name is Dumbo. The elephant's name he doesn't give, but a nice-looking animal. He is pushing Subarus and wearing a 10-gallon hat. With this man I am supposed to discuss the salvation of professional basketball? Not in a million years! To him I'll go if I want the odometer on my Lincoln rolled back. I would rather follow his elephant in heavy traffic than talk to him about the future of the NBA."

His wife had tried to calm him. "These men who own pro basketball teams are captains of industry," she had said.

"Empire builders, buyers, sellers, titans."

"Hooples!" he interposed. "Shriners on an endless fire-engine ride. Spending their money as if blowing dough were a way of flexing their muscles. The cluck in Philadelphia just paid \$13.2 million for Moses Malone because he's tired of waiting to win a championship. He's been an owner in the NBA for two years. Maybe you expected him to wait forever?"

Suddenly the old man pointed at the TV. "There is your best and your brightest," he said with a sneer, "lashed to the

hump of a camel! Most of the serious writing this man has done in his life has been on windshields with a white shoe-polish applicator!" His wife patted his hand soothingly while the old man glumly meditated on what had happened to his game.

"The New York Knicks—you should excuse me while my heart is breaking, there is a franchise that once stood for something!—are just a cog in the carpet-bagging conglomerate called Gulf + Western. Last month the Knicks signed Bernard King to an offer sheet of \$4.5 million for five years, then they lost him when the Golden State Warriors matched the offer. Then they traded a terrific guard for him. Gulf + Western doesn't have an elephant, but somewhere at Madison Square Garden there is a horse's ass giving rides.

"Now you may ask, is Bernard King worth \$900,000 a year? And I would answer, were the kings of Israel Toyota salesmen? No and no. The insanity of this business is that the only way you can sign a free agent in today's market is to pay him what he's

continued



not worth. If you offered him only as much money as he was really worth, the team that had him in the first place would match your price and keep him."

All of these things had gone through the old man's mind as he sat in the conference room, listening to a litany of the league's financial failures. His sotto voce harangue passed through the teeth he had been grinding together with a sound like the escape of compressed air. Then he closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. Several other owners noticed the old man in repose and assumed that he had fallen asleep. "Hoopies," he repeated under his breath. Soon it would be his turn to speak, and he knew that he would be ready.

There was a time when the most challenging aspect of NBA ownership was answering questions like, "What is a Zoller?" and "How come NBA basketballs are brown?" But the start of the league's 37th season this week brings with it more troubling questions, questions about the solvency of several franchises, the growing threat of a players' strike and the effect of the upward spiral of player salaries on the first two problems. This time, however, the trouble isn't merely money, it's a struggle for

control of the game. Representatives of the league and the NBA Players Association have been trying to work out their differences since July, and so far the only thing the league has announced is that a new preppy-looking orange ball will replace the old brown model.

"This isn't just another three-year go-around about meal money," says Commissioner Larry O'Brien. "The future of the league is at stake. Right now there is a dark cloud hanging over the season." And that cloud rains questions:

If it is true that last season NBA teams suffered losses totaling \$15 to \$20 million and that no more than seven of the league's 23 franchises showed a profit, is it possible that by moving to one of the NBA's glamor teams, Moses Malone can part that red sea? Or will the dreaded "ripple effect" created by the Malone signing lead to even higher salaries and perhaps result in the less stable franchises going under? "The ripple effect moves with the speed of light," says Kansas City Kings General Manager Joe Axelson.

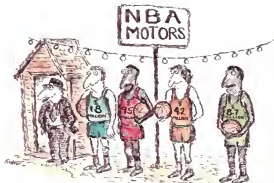
The NBA says player salaries account for 72% of each team's gross revenues, on the average. Since negotiations began, it has been the owners rather than the players who have been demanding concessions, pointing out that while the av-

erage player makes \$218,000 a year, the highest in any team sport, the average team loses \$700,000. "If anything," says one member of the Board of Governors, "it will be the owners who go on strike." Last week, following a special board meeting in Chicago to discuss the negotiations, O'Brien announced that if the two sides are unable to agree on "an entirely new approach to the way in which player compensation is structured," the league would impose its own cost-saving measures. Those would include cutting the present 12-man rosters to 10, shifting the cost of some fringe benefits to the players, and requiring teams to fly coach unless the players are willing to pay the difference between coach and first class. "All we've heard so far is a one-sided grasp of demands by the owners that they refuse to get off," says Players Association General Counsel Larry Fleisher. "We have no intention of saving them from themselves, which is what they seem to want. They say they're a sick and dying industry. That's ridiculous. What they're also saying is that there are three teams in trouble, but that they want us to make concessions that would help the whole league."

O'Brien cautioned the players, "This isn't garbage time. I think the owners feel very strongly that this situation has to be resolved before October 29. The ultimate responsibility for the start of the season rests with the players."

Do the owners actually want a strike? "I've heard it," O'Brien admits. One of the owners involved in a big free-agent signing this summer has told friends he hopes the players do strike, because with his payroll he actually figures to lose less money if the players walk than he would if the games are played. "We don't have any owners who want a strike for the sake of a strike," says NBA Executive Vice-President David Stern, "but it's going to be relatively painless for some of them. If you're running at a loss, then a strike could actually prove to be a profitable experience."

Another question is: Can professional basketball in San Diego survive Donald Sterling and his Reign of Error? Sterling is a good example of the kind of ownership problems the league has had in recent years. Eighteen months ago he pur-



So many players have performed like lemons that the free-agent list is filled with high-priced lemons.

chased the Clippers for \$13.5 million and pledged to spend "unlimited sums" to turn the team into an immediate contender. With vast real estate holdings and an estimated net worth of close to \$300 million, Sterling looked like just the man to do it, too. He started his crusade with a campaign to boost ticket sales that, oddly enough, featured Sterling's grinning face on billboards throughout San Diego County. That was but the first indication of the kind of bizarre year that lay in store for the franchise. On opening night last season before a home crowd, Sterling became so excited by the Clippers' 125-110 victory over Houston that he unbuckled his shirt to the navel while the game was in progress, and as it ended he pranced across the court and jumped into the arms of Coach Paul Silas. And he kissed him.

By mid-January Sterling had been fined \$10,000 by the league for suggesting that the Clippers might purposely lose games in order to get the first pick in the draft and a shot at Virginia's Ralph Sampson. Then things got really strange. Before the season was over, Sterling would fail to make deferred compensation payments to half a dozen former players, among them Silas. He would fail to pay operating expenses (the Hyatt House in Oakland refused to accommodate the Clippers at the end of last season for not paying their bills). And he owed \$225,000 to the players' and general managers' pension funds and \$300,000 to assorted other creditors. And that's not mentioning the time he took an NBA executive, who was visiting from New York, to an expensive restaurant in San Diego and then had to stick his guest with the check when the waiter informed Sterling that the computer had rejected his credit card.

For some reason, people in San Diego just never warmed up to Don Sterling. "Evidently the fans there think he's a joke," says San Antonio President Angelo Drossos, who is on the NBA's nine-member Advisory-Finance Committee. The committee evidently has reservations about Sterling, too. On Oct. 7 Sterling appointed L.A. attorney Alan Rothenberg, who has had previous involvements with league franchises, to run the team. It didn't help Sterling's credibility

that in June he had made an unsuccessful attempt to move the Clippers to Los Angeles, or that his new assistant general manager is Patricia Simmons, a former model and occasional Sterling companion, who has what one San Diego newspaper described as "no known basketball background." But she has a decidedly stunning foreground. When Silas was in China on a Players Association exhibition tour this summer, Simmons moved into his office. When Silas returned, he found his belongings stacked in the hallway.

Sterling isn't the only eccentric NBA owner, just the worst. Last year Cleveland owner Ted Stepien had the league in an uproar because of the immoderate salaries he was paying free agents, and because he was trading away the franchise's future to acquire them. "Goodness, Cleveland doesn't have a first-round pick for years," says San Antonio Spurs Coach Stan Albeck. "Whoever he is, he's a high school freshman right now."

This year's non-model owner seems to be Harold Katz, the diet-center mogul who owns the Philadelphia 76ers. Two months ago Katz signed Malone to his huge contract after the Houston Rockets, Malone's old team, matched the Sixers' offer sheet and traded him to Phila-

delphia. "We had kept a clipping in which Philadelphia's general manager was quoted as saying, 'This is madness,' speaking about us," says Los Angeles Lakers owner Jerry Buss, a heavy spender in the free-agent market in his own right. "We circled that quote, attached it to a copy of a story about Moses' contract, and sent it back to them."

Buss wasn't alone in being upset. "I think it was something that Mr. Katz wouldn't have done in another business which is his livelihood," says Drossos, "because his investing public would think he isn't playing with a full deck. How can we as a league tell the world, the players, and the fans that we're in financial trouble when one of our partners, who was apparently sane at the time, offers a player \$13 million and gives up a draft choice [Sampson?] and another quality player [Caldwell Jones] worth maybe \$20 million? How can you explain doing that unless somebody is holding a gun at your head? I don't blame the players and the Players Association for laughing when we say we're losing money."

The Dallas Mavericks, who are entering their third season in the NBA as one of the league's most improved teams, have carefully avoided the free-agent market and what general manager Norm

continued



Unlike their baseball and football colleagues, NBA owners just may bit the bricks themselves.

PRO BASKETBALL continued



"Hi, Coach, I'm your new assistant general manager. By the way, someone named Bob Watson called."

Sonju sees as the "quick fix" mentality of some teams. "The Moses deal just doesn't add up mathematically," says Sonju, who delivers his sermons on fiscal responsibility with evangelical zeal. "It won't work. What they did was subtract Darryl Dawkins, then they subtracted Caldwell Jones, and they say, hummm. It's not going to cost us that much. The problem is that what it does is fracture the salary structure of that team. Surely the Doctor [Julius Erving] sees what Moses is making, and he has to wonder why he's not worth more." That, folks, is the ripple effect in full force.

Buss has been one of the league's most frequently criticized owners because of the Lakers' enormous payroll, but even he is talking about retrenchment now. "My guess is that this thing is going to settle down and salaries will decrease in the next three to five years," Buss says. "If you notice, the people who had gone into the free-agency market in the beginning haven't gone in for a second dip. I suspect everybody is going to take at least one plunge for a superstar-type player, but after you've done that once you've really limited your ability to go back in."

Stepien, one of the biggest busts in the free-agent market, evidently found some truth in Buss's postulate. After spending \$700,000 a year for Center James Ed-

wards and \$800,000 for Forward Scott Wedman last year and getting nothing in return but abuse and the worst record in the league, Stepien stayed out of this year's market. The fact that the Cavaliers took in \$2.8 million last season and paid their players \$3.7 million, finishing the year with a total operating loss of \$5.1 million, may have had something to do with that.

"The situation we have now is a result of pure greed and shortsightedness by new owners who want to wear a championship ring right away," says K.C.'s Axelson, a 13-year veteran of the league and the NBA's vice-president in charge of operations the past three years. "They've been successful in their own business ventures, and they want to be equally successful in this one." Buss, who made his fortune in Southern California real estate before buying the Lakers, and then won the league championship in his first year, probably wouldn't dispute that. But Buss believes there is another factor at work in the rapid escalation of player salaries.

The world-champion Lakers spent most of the off-season trying to sign Bob McAdoo, a veteran free agent who helped them win the title last June. Buss concedes that both fan pressure and the possibility that without McAdoo the

Lakers might not be as good as they were last season weighed heavily on his mind during the negotiations. As a result, when the team reached agreement with McAdoo last week, the 31-year-old forward got more than he's worth (but less than the Sixers had offered him). Really, Buss paid more for No. 1 draft pick James Worthy—an estimated \$500,000 a year—than he probably would have had to if he had been able to sign McAdoo earlier.

"I can determine what is reasonable to pay McAdoo based on the finances of the company," Buss says. "If I decide to pay him more than that, I have to raise ticket prices even further, or I have to take a loss and subsidize him out of my own pocket. The pressures on me if I don't sign him are that I'm subject to being second-guessed if I lower the competitiveness of my team. And I also upset the fans who adore Bob McAdoo. From a public-relations standpoint, I don't want to do either of those things because it begins to affect my gate. And when that happens I can afford even less than before. The only thing to do if I don't want to gouge my fans is to limit the salary I'm going to pay him. But when he compares the numbers I offer him to those being paid comparable players, he sees he's not getting enough and wants more. It becomes a domino effect. It sounds insane, I know. If I offer \$600,000 and he wants \$800,000, I have to consider that \$200,000 difference and wonder if it's worth fan alienation and competitive drop. The tendency is to give in."

The Golden State Warriors made the same kind of decision last year when they agreed to renegotiate Forward Larry Smith's contract, which had two years to run. "It's not easy to sit in the stands and hear people booing your team because you won't give a player the kind of money he wants," says Warrior Executive Vice-President Ken Mackler. "Eventually you succumb to fan pressure. What's ironic is that so far it hasn't been CBS or cable TV that's been paying for the player's new contract. It's been that man in the stands who's doing the booing."

Almost every NBA owner would like to find himself in the situation of the NFL owners—the players on strike because the two sides couldn't agree on

continued

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how to split \$1.6 billion. Some NBA owners feel that the road to NFL-like parity of earnings is a revenue-sharing arrangement similar to football's. The trouble is, most of the teams that are making money, or expect to in the near future, see no reason why they should bankroll the spendthrifts. Dallas owner Donald Carter is still angry at the owners who repeatedly changed the terms of his franchise's entry into the league, and sees no reason why he should ever share his revenue with teams that might be on the verge of folding. "They made us dance naked, dance naked and dance naked," Carter has said. "They won't get any sympathy from me to bail them out."

In their negotiations with the union, the owners had at first hoped to get some financial relief by imposing a salary cap on each team—the sum of \$2.8 million has been bruted about—but Special Master Kingman Brewster ruled that limiting salaries would also unjustly limit the mobility of free agents. Since that time the league has asked the players to be "reasonable," and for the time being the owners have a unified bargaining position. No one knows how long that will last. "People don't do the normal thing in the NBA," says Kansas City Kings coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. The players start with a built-in advantage in any negotiations because of the owners' fractionness. "Believe me," says Axelson, "there isn't going to be any concerted effort in this league."

For their part, the players have shown little willingness to give up any of the gains they've made through collective bargaining or individual initiative. "The owners have got to keep tabs on themselves," says Players Association President Bob Lanier, the Milwaukee Bucks center. "If they would stop paying these humongous salaries, there wouldn't be a problem." The league is afraid that the players' union is willing to wait and see if teams actually do go under before agreeing to any concessions. "It might improve the league," says Lanier. "We may have to lose some players in the process, but it might make it a more quality league."

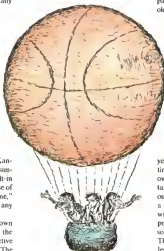
Assuming that the league is unable to get the players to agree to a salary-limit formula ("It will never happen," vows Fleisher), the owners will have to settle for hammering away at reducing roster sizes, eliminating mandatory first-class travel, eliminating guaranteed contracts and trying to get a share of the money the players haul in from shoe endorsements, as well as holding the line on the players' demand for a percentage of future cable TV revenues. The owners want to protect the profits they foresee coming from cable and do away with the guaranteed

sort; he paid \$10 million for the Nuggets. The other is Charlie Thomas, who bought the Houston Rockets for \$11 million. Thomas also owns 20 prospering Ford dealerships, not to mention a prize bull named Mr. Suva No. 203. When Thomas was getting started in the car-selling business, he worked as a manager in McCombs' Ford dealership in San Antonio. One of the best salesmen working with Thomas on the lot was a young car hustler named Angelo Drossos.

The meeting was nearly over now, and the men were beginning to shuffle their papers and stir in their seats. Slowly the old man climbed out of his chair, and when he was standing, he poked a hole in the air with his stubby forefinger and spoke. "Boys, I'm an old man," he said, "and I know you are all sharp young fellows with acres of Japanese cars to move and elephants to ride. I won't keep you. Just a few words of advice. Later you'll thank me."

He put his hands on the table and leaned toward his audience with a leer. "Wise up, Hooples! Stop treating the NBA like it was some kind of theme park put here for your amusement. For 20 years I've owned my team, and at that time the Celtics have had 10 owners. An owner comes in for three years, takes his tax write-off, gets his golches and then gets out. Now some of you think you can have a strike and not have economic chaos with it. Morons! What are the American people supposed to do with the NFL season's shambles and the NBA on strike? There will be a run on the bowling alleys, leagues will be formed, nylon shirts will be bought."

The old man turned and began to walk toward the exit. At the door he stopped and shook his fist at them. "Talk to the players!" the old man roared. "Invite them over for a test drive, let them ride on your camels. Show them you care about the game almost as much as you care about being highshots in the newspapers. Don't try to undo the problems of a decade in a single negotiation. It's a good game you've got here. Don't loose it up now."



Air travel costs are going up, up and away

contracts that often result in teams paying players who are no longer even in the league. "I'm a little at a loss to understand how agents who feel their players are superstars and can't miss have to insist on guaranteed contracts," says Red McCombs, the owner of the Denver Nuggets.

McCombs is one of two new owners to join the league since the end of last sea-



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PRO
BASKETBALL
1982-83 (continued)

I was merely an exhibition game in October in Providence, just the first of seemingly endless nights of missed shots and two-hand jabs. The atmosphere, though, said "regular season."

The Philadelphia 76ers were playing the Boston Celtics, and the intensity level was right out of Game 7 of the 1982 Eastern Conference championship in which the Sixers stunned the Celtics in Boston. The score was Philly 73, Boston 69 at 5:21 of the third quarter when Celtic Guard Gerald Henderson looped an innocuous pass toward Center Robert Parish, who was standing inside the top of the key.

The ball never reached Parish. Moses Malone, Parish's opposite number, deftly tipped it away, dribbled the length of the court and threw down a thunderous dunk. "The way the ball bounced away," said a still disbelieving Pat Williams, Philadelphia's general manager, after the game, "I was sure that it had to miss."

In his Philadelphia debut that night, Malone scored 22 points and had eight rebounds in only 23 minutes of playing time. The next night the numbers were 18 and nine against the New Jersey Nets. Both games were 76er victories. Malone blocked shots and ran up and down the court on even terms with Parish, the finest running center in the league, and then he shamed his predecessor in Philadelphia, Darryl Dawkins, into alibing for his poor performance. Best of all, Malone and Julius Erving functioned on the same court with the same ball and seemed to actually like the process.

The 76ers will be paying Moses \$13.2 million over the next six seasons, and they think they finally have found the man to lead them to the Promised Land.

Over the last six seasons the Sixers have had the NBA's best overall record and appeared in three NBA Championship series, losing in six games each time—to Portland in 1977, L.A. in '80 and L.A. again last June. But now, for the



'I CAN Do So Many Things'

Moses Malone is aiming to earn his \$13.2 million by shooting, rebounding, running, defending—and leading the 76ers to a title

by ANTHONY COTTON

first time since Wilt Chamberlain was traded in 1968, the Sixers have a main man in the middle. Jelly Bean, Big George All-World, Chocolate Thunder. They're all gone. The 76ers now have the 6' 11" Malone—the NBA's rebounding king the last two years and the 1981-82 MVP—to dominate the middle and work with Erving, and everybody is going to be gunning for Philly.

"In last spring's series against Boston, we were the downtrodden team. David against Goliath," Williams says. "The whole nation was sympathetic to us. Now we're back to being Goliath."

The good news for Philadelphians is that while Malone makes CEO-class money, he always produces blue-collar efforts. Just like another relatively new Pennsylvanian, Charley Hustle, Pete Rose has self-promoted hustle to a status level, and he's always ready, willing and quite able to tell you exactly how and why he has attained his eminence.

Not Malone. In fact, his reluctance to discuss himself, combined with his sometimes unintelligible rapid-fire, rumbling voice, often leaves the impression that he can't. Throw in the unglamorous way he goes about his job and Malone creates his own mystique.

To Moses, it's all very clear. He's just "playin' ball," something he did this summer at least twice a day, five or six days a week. Not to prepare for his new role as Goliath, but because it's what he always does. On the playgrounds around his home in Houston, though, the game is different. "I can shoot 90-foot jump-shots there and nobody says anything," Malone says.

It is a typically muggy late summer's afternoon in Houston as Malone pulls up to a Frenchy's in his \$50,000 Mercedes for a

\$2.50 luncheon of chicken wings and strawberry soda pop. As he eats, oblivious to the whispers—"Lookit him. Two million dollars a year and he's eatin' here"—he seems to be delivering a not-so-subtle message. You're eating here, so why can't I? If I prefer Filet-O-Fish to filet mignon, that's my business. I don't care what you think anyway.

That's not money talking, just how Malone feels. If there's any changing to be done, you're gonna be doin' it. Why should he? Thirteen point two million dollars for six years is very articulate, thank-you-ver-ry-much. And how would you like your McRib à l'Orange cooked?

Malone refuses to fit any precast mold. On an NBA junket to Germany and Italy last summer, adults and children alike followed him about. "Moses, Moses," they cried. Touching? Inspiring? "I guess people just like the way Moses sounds," Malone says. "I was just playin' ball."

He always is. Ask what he did during the off-season and he answers immediately: Watched TV. Played video games. And played ball. Never got tired of it. "Shoot," he says. "I'm ready to get goin' again a week after the season's over."

Question is, will last season's MVP 1) mix well with the '81 MVP (Erving) and 2) put the Sixers over the top? "I'm just 6' 11", 250 pounds," Malone says. "I don't wanna be the best player; there are better players on the team than me. They win 55, 60 games every year. I just want to help them win a few more."

A few days later Malone arrives at Robertson Fieldhouse on the University of Houston campus. The paint is peeling and the dimly lit gym's seats look like long rows of concrete pews.

Many of the Houston players who made it to the 1982 NCAA Final Four are on hand, and sides are chosen. Malone decides he doesn't want to play. "You guys beat me up too much yesterday," he says. "I got knocked down and around, hurt my finger. The NBA ain't

continued

Not since Wilt Chamberlain have the 76ers had an offensive center to match Malone

even that physical," he says, plopping down on a bench.

So he becomes an analyst. Colorful commentator is more like it. On one team, an overweight Rob Williams, the Denver Nuggets' first-round choice, is having a dreadful time of it, his low-trajectory shots lying on the rim like so many cinder blocks.

"Rob's shot's a little flat," someone offers.

"Yeah. He better put some air in it before he gets to Denver," says Malone.

Moments later an argument ensues after a foul called by Akeem Abdul-Olaajuwon, the Cougars' 7-foot center from Nigeria. Five minutes of yelling follow. "That boy just learned too quick," Malone says. "All the English he knows is 'women' and 'My ball, my ball.'"

An hour and a half later, Malone agrees to join the by-now degenerated play, but his effort is minimal at best. In fact, the highlight of his day comes when the Houston women's team marches onto the court just as he's leaving. "Mo," says Rockets Guard Tom Henderson, noting the ladies' matching shirts and shorts emblazoned with the Houston logo, "they've got better stuff than we—excuse me, I mean better stuff than my team, the Houston Rockets—do." Malone, wearing a red T shirt with PHILADELPHIA SAM'S CHISESTEAKS in bold lettering, just smiles.

Malone wore a Houston Rockets uniform for six seasons. He played in 464 games and led the club in scoring in 239 of them. Malone has scored in double figures in his last 316, the second-longest

streak in the league behind the Lakers' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (381).

Moses Malone was the Houston Rockets. Playing 42 minutes a game last season, he took 25% of Houston's shots and averaged 31.1 points per game. And, of course, he rebounded, averaging 14.7 per game to win his third crown in six years and become the first repeat rebound champion since Chamberlain in 1971-72 and 1972-73. Only one other player has ever repeated as rebounding champ: Bill Russell. "In the 37-year history of the league there have been only four dominant players," says Houston General Manager Ray Patterson. "Wilt, Russell, Abdul-Jabbar and Mo."

Which is why the 76ers decided to mortgage their future and trade starting Center Caldwell Jones and Cleveland's top pick in next June's draft—possibly Ralph Sampson—for Malone.

Philadelphia's have been talking title since Sept. 15, the day Moses officially became the \$13.2 Million Man. "There are lots of things that I can do that the public hasn't seen yet," Malone says. "The people will see how much I'm an all-around player. They say CJ [Caldwell Jones] is a great defensive player. I was the best defensive player the Houston Rockets ever had. Some nights I had to prepare for three guys: the center, the power forward and the small forward. I had to check them all. If CJ does that, he'll foul out every other game."

Since Malone signed his contract, Houston's season-ticket sales are down 15% while Philly's are up 48%. Even before the trade, the Sixers raised ticket prices an average of 45% across the board and added 118 new court-side seats at \$50 a pop; most of those have been sold. In all, the Sixers have sold 5,000 season tickets for Malone's inaugural season in Philadelphia, 2,000 more than last season. And revenue generated by sales of season and single-game tickets is incredibly already 67% of last year's total, which was \$3 million.

Malone made his debut as a 76er in the team's annual training camp mile run. He crossed the line in 6:15, dead last and almost dead, period. "Didn't you guys do this in Houston?" someone asked. "Naw," Malone panted, "all we ever did was four laps around the gym." Malone also was unprepared for the turnaway crowds that often showed up at practices at Franklin & Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. "The most people we ever got



Malone is a "blue-collar" player who's delighted to labor under the offensive boards.



Son Moses Jr. and wife Alfreda have moved with Moses Sr. to a suburban Philly condo.

in Houston were about 15, and most of them were reporters and people passing through," Malone says. "I'll bet CJ's down there now goin'. Where are all the people?"

All the excitement aside, there are some questions to be answered, like: How will Malone blend with his new teammates? "I think they'll be fine," says Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson. "They'll use him 44 minutes a game unless they're losing. Then it'll be 48."

But Boston General Manager Red Auerbach, perhaps looking to score an early psychological blow on his Atlantic Division archrival, sees Malone's big contract wreaking havoc. "It might be good for Philly for a year," he says. "But then it will start to eat their team up. What are they going to do when all their other great players want to renegotiate in comparison to what Malone got? That's when the fun will start."

It already has. Point Guard Maurice Cheeks sat out the first week of the preseason until Williams and owner Harold Katz agreed to rework his contract. But Katz believes there's more than enough money to go around. "Comparing our salary structure from last year to this year is a wash," Katz says. "When we traded Dawkins, who was making \$800,000 a year, we got \$700,000 from the Nets. CJ was making \$500,000 a year. Plus we're saving the salaries of Steve Mix [waived to Milwaukee] and Mike Bantom [waived bye-bye]." The bottom-line net gain from all those moves: \$2.5 million, or \$300,000 more than Katz is paying Malone each season.

Erving reportedly was irked when he learned of Malone's contract, but now seems mollified. He also doesn't buy the argument that he and Malone can't play together.

"I don't understand the logic in that kind of thinking," Erving says. "It's not like he's Bernard King and we're playing the same position. Mo has been one of the fellas from the first day of camp. He said, 'Don't worry about getting the ball to me. I'll just go to the offensive boards and get in shape.' Now that might not be as newsworthy, but the team will be successful."

While it will take time for Philadelphia to find the right blend of fast break, free lance and post down to Malone, the look probably won't be as striking as people expect. "We won't prepare for them any differently," says Boston Coach Bill Fitch, who didn't have his tongue in cheek. "When he has it going good, Daw-

kins is every bit as powerful as Malone."

In Philadelphia they're treating such comments as sour grapes. "Moses has a much better concept of the game and how it should be played than I anticipated," 76ers Assistant Coach Jack McMahon says. "Making the right pass, being in position to help other players. He's got good hands; the others aren't afraid to pass him the ball."

"I didn't know he could do all the things he's done so far," says Coach Billy Cunningham. "His work habits are excellent. He's gotten up and down the floor, been a force defensively, done all we've asked."

Malone may not be very eloquent, but he's no fool. He knows he's thrice close to a championship, and he'll do everything he can to win. Suggest to him that his slow-and-easy style on the court will slow the 76ers down, and he'll ask when was the last time you saw the Lakers fast-break with Abdul-Jabbar leading the way? And just for good measure, he'll keep up with Parish step-for-step in Providence. Mention that other teams don't fear his defense, and he'll block a few shots in no time.

"I can do so many things that people don't recognize yet," Malone says. "If people want to find something bad about Moses this year, they won't be able to find it. I'm not gonna fool anybody, not gonna promote myself to people. I just want them to respect me."

END



The media in Philadelphia feel that for all those bucks, Malone has a lot to answer for.

ATLANTIC Division

Dress British and think Yiddish? Is what BOSTON CELTICS Assistant Coach K.C. Jones says he has learned from Red Auerbach, who always seems to be getting something for nothing. By swapping the retired 34-year-old Dave Cowens to Milwaukee for Quinn Buckner, a first-rate 28-year-old guard, Auerbach, Boston's president and general manager, undoubtedly improved his team—and its 63-19 record was the league's best last season. Buckner is a defensive stopper à la Don Chaney and K.C. himself; the Celtics could have used him last spring when Philadelphia's Andrew Toney single-hotheadedly eliminated them. "The humility of answering 'What happened?' questions is good for us," Coach Bill Fitch says. "When you're the champs you don't realize what you have. But when you give up that championship, you're sure as heck aware of what you've lost." Fitch does realize that no team outrebounded its opponents as emphatically as Boston did last season (averaging 45.6 per game against 42), with Larry Bird, Robert Parish, Cedric Maxwell, Kevin McHale and Rick Robey up and grabbing. They'll be joined by M.L. Carr, who's being moved from the backcourt. Possible starters at guard: the new, unattached Danny Ainge, who hit .357 (of his shots) last season, an average that would have delighted the Blue Jays but disappointed the Celtics; Gerald Henderson, Tiny Archibald, and Buckner. Thirty-three-year-old Chris Ford isn't in Fitch's future. "We could start Buckner and Archibald together," he says. "We have no 'point guards.' They're 'left guards' or 'right guards,' though I don't want Gillette mad at me." Boston should win the division again, but the 76ers will make them work up a sweat.

PHILADELPHIA 76ERS owner Harold Katz did some profitable high rolling over the summer at a Las Vegas blackjack table, then ante'd up \$13.2 million over six years for free agent Moses Malone.



Boston's Buckner, who is built like a football player, can handle left or right guard.

But he surrendered defensive specialist Caldwell Jones, which has had the Sixers asking, "Do you have any fours?" (In basketball parlance, a four is a power forward.) So Coach Billy Cunningham has been rummaging through a pile of rookies and free agents for the frontcourt men who'll supplement Julius Erving and Bobby Jones and give Malone help on the boards. Darryl Dawkins was shipped to the Nets, and forwards Mike Bantom and Steve Mix were let go, so 6'10" Rins Schoone from Tennessee-Chattanooga, 6'7" Mitchell Anderson (a coast-to-coast coach with a soft touch from Bridget), 7'1" Mark McNamara (a snake collector from Calif.), 6'9" Charles Jones (Caldwell's brother) or 6'10" horse Marc Lavaroni (Katz: "He has an alltime pro body") will have to prove himself early. "Anyone who makes this team is capable of handling the task," says Dr. J. "In my

first year with the Nets we started two rookies and made it to the finals." Even with a green starter at forward, Philly will have three great scorers in Malone, Erving and Toney. "We're not as good a shot-blocking team without Caldwell," says Cunningham. "We're going to ask Moses to do some of that. He won't play 41 minutes like he did in Houston, and I'll expect him to foul out of some games. I want him to be more aggressive." But how will the league's two most recent MVPs, Malone and Erving, blend? "Like a good ice-cream sundae," Detroit GM Jack McCloskey says. Adds Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson: "The 76ers will be awesome. They may win 70 games." But the Celtics may win 71.

Some plain old-fashioned enthusiasm helped the NEW JERSEY NETS lead the league in steals, finish 44-18 and gain the team's first playoff berth since 1979. But

just before the miniseries with Washington, starting Point Guard Fots Walker twisted his ankle and reserve Shooting Guard Dorwin Cook had to play the point alongside play-alike Guard Ray Williams. Williams and Cook shot a combined 27-for-80 in the Nets' two-straight loss to the Bullets. To bolster the point, Coach Larry Brown drafted Georgetown's Sleepy Floyd and brought in Phil Ford from Kansas City in a trade for Williams. "We had Otis Birdsong coming back [after a knee injury]," Brown says, "so the way I look at it, we got Phil and Otis for Ray." Rookie-of-the-Year Buck Williams led the league's forwards in rebounding (12.3 per game). Now the Nets have Dawkins, who's expected to be as much a defensive clog as an offensive cog. "Darryl might have picked up some of the things we teach had he gone to college," says Brown, one of three former college head coaches on the Nets' staff. "I've told him to come to every practice with the idea that he'll be learning." Of his matriculation at East Rutherford State, Dawkins says, "I have a coach who'll constantly stay on me. I have a chance to learn some things I never had a chance to learn before." With frontcourt men Mike Gmitiski, Len Elmore, Albert King, Mike O'Koren and rookie Eddie Phillips, Jersey has never had such depth—but neither has the Atlantic Division.

"Last year we had the bad start," says Frank Johnson, point guard for the WASHINGTON BULLETS, who, like his team, blossomed in the playoffs. "The year's experience is going to contribute a lot. Philly, New York, Boston and New Jersey all have new people they're going to have to get used to." But in fact the Bullets do, too. Coach Gene Shue, who has a reputation for salvaging the league's flops, recited in moody Scoring Guard Billy Ray Bates on Sept. 30 after Portland cast him off. "We haven't had a guy we could go to when we needed either a basket or a foul shot," Shue says. "Billy will be able to do that for us once he's learned our system." First pick Bryan Warrick could also be that clutch scorer. A likely starter alongside Johnson, he won or tied games with late shots 12 times during his career at St. Joseph's. Now that San Antonio has broken up the Bruise Brothers, Washington's centers, Rick (nicknamed Leon, for the Spinkian gap between his front teeth) Mahorn and Jeff (Cooney, for the facial resemblance) Ruland, rank as two of the league's most aggressive frontcourt men. They're going to be known as the Beef Brothers.

The new NEW YORK KNICKS coach, Hubie Brown, calls it *The Game Bible of the Six Things*. It helped him lead a patchwork Atlanta Hawks team to the playoffs three years ago. But for the Knicks, who suffered through a 33-49

season, these commandments will be as much rote as scripture: I) Thou shalt block shots. II) Thou shalt rebound offensively. III) Thou shalt force turnovers. IV) Thou shalt take a lot of free throws. V) Thou shalt make a lot of free throws. VI) Thou shalt score off the break. That last item means as much to Gulf 4 Western, the Knicks' owner, as to the coach. "Even if you win you can't have a lousy style, or people stay at home and watch cable TV," Pastor Brown says. "We've given our players a total picture of the situation here. There could be less than 7,000 season tickets sold in an arena that holds 19,500 in a city of 7 million." The Knicks have talent and experience—Paul Westphal, Marvin Webster, Bill Cartwright, Truck Robinson and Bernard King all have All-Star-caliber seasons behind them—but vets tend to balk at Brown's strict coaching style. And to get King from Golden State, the Knicks had to part with their point guard, Michael Ray Richardson. They have a surplus of small forwards (including former free agents Ernie Grunfeld, Sly Williams and Louis Orr) and few proven guards (Reggie Carter and Edmund Sherrod are green), so the likelihood of another trade looms. "I like our talent," Brown says. "If I could be optimistic about our \$800,000 team in Atlanta, I can be optimistic about this one." Amen... perhaps.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

CENTRAL Division

Q: What is 68 years old and has two heads, two bum knees, one aching back and 24 years of NBA experience?

A: The MILWAUKEE BUCKS' front line, or two thirds of it, anyway. The Bucks' hopes rest on the gimpy wheels of 34-year-old Center Bob Lanier and the comeback kid, Dave Cowens, who at 34 must overcome a two-year layoff, a chronically bad back and inexperience at a new position, power forward. Coach Don Nelson could put together an all-geriatric front wall by inserting 34-year-old

free-agent acquisition Steve Mix, a former Philly fixture, into the lineup. "We won't be the bullies on the block now, but no one will kick sand into our faces, either," Nelson says.

While Cowens and Mix represent an effort to toughen up the Bucks, a pair of the league's most graceful finesse players should hurt opponents more. Marques Johnson, making his every-other-year appearance in training camp following a disappointing season a year ago, has impressed observers with his condition and his attitude. "I've never seen Marques so into the game as he is now," says Nelson. Rarely seen out of the game is Moncrief, who last year led the Bucks in playing time, scoring, rebounding and assists. But the key player may turn out to be Cowens, of whom Warrior exec Ken

Mackey said, "He's not just striking a blow for redheads." With Quinn Buckner gone to Boston and Robert Smith shipped to San Diego, rookie Paul Pressey will see a lot of time at guard, and sixth man Junior Bridgeman may become a fifth man.

The ATLANTA HAWKS aren't as experienced as Milwaukee, but they do know a little something about injuries. Sixty-six games into last season Atlanta publicists stopped counting after they had logged 140 player-games missed because of injury. The Hawks regrouped in time to make the playoffs but were ousted in straight sets by Philadelphia in the miniseries, the fourth time in the last five seasons that the Hawks have lost to a league finalist in the postseason. No way they'll go all the way this season, either, but they may be

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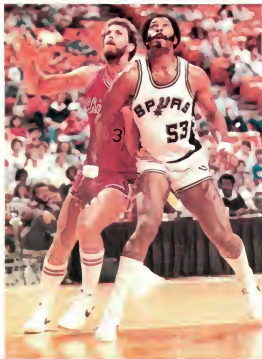
the most exciting team in the league. Using a combination of traps and presses, the Hawks force opponents into turnovers out front. Chances are, those who do get through will be rejected by Tree Rollins, Dan Roundfield or George Johnson, last season's NBA blocked-shots leader, who was acquired from San Antonio. If all three were to equal their best seasons of swat, they would set an NBA record with more than 700. Nor is Dominique Wilkins, at 6' 7" the smallest member of the Hawks' front line, the Ambassador from Dullesville. Wilkins, who's called the young fella by his teammates and coaches, bypassed his senior

year at Georgia to try the NBA, and he says, "I don't want to say that I'll be the Rookie of the Year; I'll just let my talent speak for itself. When I'm playing my best I can compete with anyone. My talents just rise to the top." Rhodes scholar candidate and first-round draft pick Keith Edmonson from Purdue missed all of training camp in a contract dispute before signing last week, but he'll fit right in on the Hawks, whose roster includes two stockbrokers (Roundfield and Mike Gienn), two bankers (George Johnson and Rudy Macklin), an engineer (Rory Sparrow) and a Rhodes scholar (Tom McMillen).

It's hard not to be bearish on the CHICAGO BULLS, although they have drafted and traded to try to overcome weaknesses. Rookie Guard Quintin Dailey, on probation after pleading guilty to an assault charge brought while he was at San Francisco, was told by friends and his agent-adviser, Bob Woolf, to shut up and play ball, and that he has done for new Head Coach Paul Westhead. There was speculation that spectators would give Dailey a hard time, but in the pre-season they didn't. Says Bulls G.M. Rod Thorn, "If he conducts himself like Caesar's wife, fans will give him the benefit of the doubt." Newly acquired Forward Mark Olberding missed the entire pre-season because of a contract dispute with his old team, San Antonio, which Chicago has inherited. Dave Corzine came along in that trade for Artis Gilmore, and he's not mad at anybody. But Guard Reggie Theus is; he's another candidate for contract renegotiation. In any case, Theus should flourish in Westhead's nonstop running attack.

One team Chicago hopes to motor past is the DETROIT PISTONS. Last season the Pistons whipped the Bulls six straight, times en route to a 39-43 mark, their best record in six seasons. Mostly responsible were a pair of rookie All-Stars, Isiah Thomas and Kelly Tripucka. Says Coach Scotty Robertson, "Their maturity is showing. If we can play better defense than last year, we should be able to make the playoffs." Detroit held on to Guard John Long, a free agent who had talked about playing elsewhere. Rookie Forward Cliff Levingston, from Wichita State, held out until last week. "Honestly, I really don't know how he'll fit in with us after he gets here," Robertson said before Levingston reported. "I've never seen him play before."

Folks in Indianapolis saw plenty of Ohio State's 6' 10" Herb Williams and 6' 7" Clark Kellogg during their games against the Hoosiers. They'll be seeing a lot more, now that Kellogg has joined Williams on the INDIANA PACERS. Williams, the most valuable player in the Los Angeles summer league, will surely be featured along with Kellogg, who was signed after a prolonged contract hassle with the penurious Pacers. During the off-season Coach Jack McKinney went to Denver to learn Doug Moe's passing-game offense, but it won't matter unless



Corzine, whom Chicago got for Gilmore (right), is at his best when push comes to shove.

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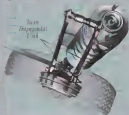


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Indiana can get the ball off the boards and give it to able guards. Free agent Guard Johnny Davis is still free, and Forward Louis Orr was sent to New York.

Twenty-three players, four coaches, more than \$5 million in red ink and only 15 wins are the figures to remember from the nightmare that was the 1981-82 CLEVELAND CAVALIERS. "Last year was something, all right," says Scott Wed-

man, a \$800,000-a-year free agent who was hurt for much of the season. "It was so bad that after a while all you saw was the negative sides of people." In order to help the fans forget last year and the fact that the team doesn't have a No. 1 draft pick (possibly Ralph Sampson), owner Ted Stepien has resorted to such gimmicks as four tickets for the price of two and refunds if the team doesn't win 30

games, double last season's total. Bulletin, bulletin: The Cavs made a coaching change last week before even playing Game 1. Tom Nissalke replacing Bill Musselman. Stay tuned. Wedman is healthy again, and he'll be burying jumpers off feeds from rookie Guard John Bagley, out of Boston College, but the Cavs are going nowhere, it is usual.

—ANTHONY COTTON

MIDWEST Division

Had it not been for Coach Doug Moe's wife, the DENVER NUGGETS might not have survived the summer. Last June the franchise was ailing—"We even owed the paper boy," says one former partner—when Jane Moe suggested Red McCombs, a friend and former part owner of the San Antonio Spurs (for whom Moe had coached), as a buyer. "I was pacing the floor wondering what to do," the coach says. "Then Jane just sat up in bed and said, 'What's Red McCombs doing now?'" Before you could say "Chapter 11," McCombs had bought the Nuggets and re-signed free agents Kiki Vandeweghe, Dan Issel and T.R. Dunn, all essential to Moe's run-shoot-and-rotate offense. It's a style that suits the top draft pick, Guard Rob Williams of the University of Houston. David Thompson is gone to Seattle, but there are no regrets. "He was hurt the first half of last year, and we developed as a unit while he was out," Moe says. To improve its matchups defensively, Denver welcomes Forward James Ray and Frontcourt Man Dave Robisch (back after knee and Achilles tendon injuries, respectively). Center Rich Kelley (from Phoenix) and Guard Bill Hanzlik (from Seattle in the Thompson deal). All four are fitting into the Denver offensive "system," such as it is. Less is Moe, and given the Nuggets' depth and personnel, that philosophy should be more than enough to win the division.

The SAN ANTONIO SPURS also added by subtracting, trading two frontline frontcourt men to Chicago for 7' 2" Artis Gil-

more. "Artis will make all the difference in the world," says Guard George Gervin. "He's big and strong and we're gonna go to him." Gilmore figures to spark the Spurs' fast break. Coach Stan Albeck feels Gervin will get the 25 shots a game he averaged last season as the league's leading scorer (32.3 ppg), and Gilmore and Forward Mike Mitchell will split another 40 between them.

However, the rebounding of Dave Corzine and Mark Olberding will be missed, and so will the shot blocking of 6' 11" George Johnson, who was sent to Atlanta for rookie Center Jim Johnstone. Albeck worries about the club's depth, but he believes the trades were essential if San Antonio is to make a run at L.A., which handed the Spurs a four-straight loss in the Western Conference finals. "For us to reach the next plateau we have to beat the Lakers," Albeck says. "To do that we need Artis." Moe agrees: "A lot of people forget Gilmore might be the second-best center in the league, and he's given Kareem fits." Wispy Ed Rains played in only 49 games as a rookie last season, but he'll start at small forward in

place of the 6' 7½" Mitchell, who moves to power forward. Point Guard Johnny Moore, who feeds Gervin, re-signed late in camp. New faces are Guard Mike Dunleavy and Center Bill (Poodles) Wiloughby, both from Houston.

"Our biggest problem will be getting everyone time on the floor," says Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons of the KANSAS CITY KINGS. You'd expect expressions of graver concern from a coach who won only 30 games the previous season and whose team remains virtually unchanged. But the Kings have an arboretum of power forwards and centers, including—if he signs—6' 10" rookie LaSalle Thompson, the nation's leading rebounder in Texas. Then there's 6' 10" Steve Johnson, who shot 61% as a rookie; 6' 10" Joe C. Merewether, back after missing two-thirds of last season with knee surgery; 6' 7" Reggie Johnson; and 6' 6" Reggie King, who worked himself so hard over the summer that he was admitted to a hospital with dehydration. "There's no way King can have as bad a season as he did last year," says one opposing coach. Ray Williams comes from New Jersey to

continued

After being traded from New York to New Jersey, Williams has landed in Kansas City.



create the break and make the big basket. Fitzsimmons and all of Missouri hope he'll rekindle memories of Phil Ford and Otis Birdsong (both in Jersey). Mike Woodson, the club's leading returning scorer (15.7 ppg), and Point Man Larry Drew will join the guard rotation. Fitzsimmons is looking at second-year players Kevin Loder (6' 6") and Eddie Johnson (6' 7") as possible small forwards. "I think we need a scorer there," he says, "but if neither steps forward, we may just go with hug people. We'd still push it up—our big people can run the floor."

With its two prettiest practitioners, Moses Malone and Robert Reid, no longer on hand, the HOUSTON ROCKETS' walk-it-up-and-dump-it-into-Moses offense is getting a face-lift. "(New Center) Caldwell Jones's strength is defense and shot blocking," Coach Del Harris says. "We'll look to do more running, pressing and trapping." Harris also pledges to spread the scoring around. "We had to run such a tight game last season, so disciplined, and I was always there *harping*," he says. "The players want to run and get some of the payoff by scoring." Adds Guard Allen Leavell, the quarterback. "We had a lot of turmoil last year, but adversity has a way of bringing us closer together. Nothing can really take us by surprise." But Reid's decision on Sept. 30 to retire to take an active part in his mother's Pentecostal sect in Florida shocked the

entire organization. Wally Walker, late of Seattle, will start at small forward in his stead, and rookie Terry Teagle should get plenty of time at guard. Elvin Hayes and Calvin Murphy will have their pride and aging skills tested. "This won't be Moses Malone's team," says Forward Major Jones, Caldwell's brother. "It'll be the Houston Rockets." And perhaps this season's NBA surprise.

To paraphrase that great Irish hoop maven, Willie B. Yeats, things can fall apart if your center's no good. That summarizes the prospects of the DALLAS MAVERICKS in their third season. "I don't think the organization sees our centers as the kind you win championships with," says Guard Kelvin Runey, who was acquired from Portland and will most likely start at the point. The Mavs do have plenty of young talent outside the middle, though: Sophs Jay Vincent, Rolando Blackman, Elston Turner and Mark Aguirre, who's 16 pounds lighter after a summer of aerobic dancing, all figured in the club's surprisingly good 28-54 record last season. Coach Dick Motta considers 6' 11" Kurt Nimphus and 6' 10" Scott Lloyd his two top centers, but look for 6' 9" Forward Pat Cummings, picked up from the Bucks' bench during the off-season, to play the pivot before too long. "Pat adds a different dimension because he can contribute offensively," says Motta, who's also high on 6' 9" Power

Forward Bill Garnett, the club's top draft choice. "No one will outwork me," says Garnett, who majored in elementary education at Wyoming. Alas, the Mavs are too good to win the Ralph Sampson sweepstakes.

When someone asked Coach Frank Layden of the UTAH JAZZ how he could have sent unsigned No. 1 draft choice Dominique Wilkins to Atlanta for John Drew, Freeman Williams and cash, Layden said, in mock shock, "Dominique?" It was supposed to have been Jeff. Oh, if it only had been backup Center Jeff Williams. Instead, Dominique became the seventh top pick in the franchise's eight-year history never to play a minute for the Jazz.

Without the Human Highlight Film, Utah fans will have to watch another season of cinema vérité: Center Dan Schayes is a good passer, but who's there to pass to, aside from Forward Adrian Dantley and Guard Darrell Griffith, who'll continue to share an outsized scoring load? Speaking of outsized loads, Utah has signed 7' 4" Mark Eaton, who sat a lot at UCLA, to five years of guaranteed money. "You can't teach height," Layden says. While hoping their man-child can be taught something else, the Jazz would do well to feed Dantley power layups. Most of the rest of the roster should be impounded.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

PACIFIC Division

Perhaps the best name for it is the Twilight Zone, the combination press-trap-zone defense that helped the LOS ANGELES LAKERS win the 1982 NBA championship. Was it or wasn't it a zone? Coach Pat Riley will never tell. Even if the NBA were to legalize the zone tomorrow, few teams would have the personnel to play it. The Lakers simply have the best starting five in the game today. Or is it the best starting eight? Guard Norm Nixon can play both backcourt spots, and Magic Johnson can play anywhere he wants. Despite all the histon-

ies concerning Johnson's role in the dismissal of Paul Westhead, after the championship series it was Magic holding the MVP trophy. "With his sacrifices, Magic was the man who made that team," says Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson. "Without him they definitely don't win the championship." Another important cog, Bob McAdoo, is back to score off the bench, as is defender Michael Cooper. And 6' 9" James Worthy, the No. 1 pick in the draft, will more than make up for Minch Kupchuk's absence because of slow recovery from knee surgery. Kurt Rambis, last season's starting power forward, hurt his right arch in training camp and is doubtful for the opener against Golden State. What remains to be said about the incomparable Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, except perhaps that he'd like the

Lakers to become the first team since the 1968-69 Boston Celtics to repeat as champions? "It's the ultimate challenge," says Jamsal Wilkes, who seems to get better with age. "No one's made a big deal out of it, but we're all aware of what's at stake. Right now we just plan on going out and playing every night and letting history decide."

This season could go a long way toward determining how history will regard David Thompson. A 24-points-a-game scorer, for his six pro seasons, Thompson was a bust in Denver last year because of a variety of personal problems. Now with the SEATTLE SUPERSONICS, Thompson hopes to succeed his running mate at guard, Gus Williams, as the Comeback Player of the Year. "In Denver I always had to compete with myself

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and what I had done," Thompson says. "The expectations aren't as great here, and there's not as much of a burden to carry. But if I get the minutes, I'll get the stats. I haven't lost anything as a player." Coach Lenny Wilkens certainly believes he hasn't, or he wouldn't have gone after Thompson. Nor would he have gone to the trouble of redesigning his offense in an effort to better utilize Thompson's talents. Besides Williams and Thompson, All-Stars Jack Sikma and Lonnie Shelton should prosper in Wilkens' 1-3-1 set, which Wilkens insists is just "a new wrinkle, something every team does in the summer. We haven't junked everything else."

One possible change for the better made by the PHOENIX SUNS is that for the first time in recent memory, the players on the court will call the plays, not Coach John MacLeod. That should please guards Kyle Macy and Dennis Johnson and swingman Walter Davis no end. "It should make everyone more aware, help them look for advantages, perhaps learn on each other," MacLeod says. What the coach really hopes, however, is for his team to start leaning on the other guys. To that end, the Suns acquired tough guy Maurice Lucas from the Knicks and will give more playing time to Larry Nance, a 6'10" second-year man from Clemson who could turn out to be the most improved player in the league. First-round draft choice David Thordkill, a 6'7" guard-forward from Bradley, can lock people up on defense. That's why he's called the Sheriff. And MacLeod hopes for more easy baskets, which was the team's trademark when it won 50 or more games for three straight years.

In MacLeod's opinion, the West will be a fast-breaking, open-court conference because of the overall lack of power players like Moses Malone. That style of play would be just fine with the GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS, who have missed the playoffs by a single game the last two seasons. Sharpshooter World B. Free was in the best shape of his career before suffering a deep right-knee bruise, when he slipped going up for a layup on the first day of practice, but he should be fit again for the start of the

season. Forward Bernard King, an off-season free agent, signed an offer sheet with the Knicks and was traded there for Michael Ray Richardson, a former All-Star guard who the Warriors hope will respond to Coach Al Atles' big stack. If



Lucas will help Phoenix to toughen up its act.

Les Conner, the Warriors' 6'4" top pick out of Oregon, signs, the guards will be golden.

The PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS have sold out every home game for the past five seasons and always seem to satisfy their fans with fast starts. Last season Portland was 7-0 before it slowed down. Nevertheless, the team was in the hunt

for a playoff berth (as always) until late in the season. History will probably repeat itself—fast start, not-so-fast finish. The only major addition is 6'3" Lafayette Lever, a point guard from Arizona State, who will back up Darnell Valentine but may not captivate the fans the way Billy Ray Bates, who's now with the Bullets, did.

SAN DIEGO CLIPPERS Coach Paul Silas is faced with a problem. No, not his peripatetic owner, Donald Sterling, who may sell the team before long. This one concerns Bill Walton. The redhead will be allowed to commute from his classes at Stanford Law School to play one game a week. The choice of which game is up to the Clippers. The dilemma is, should the team have him play against weak teams in the hope of securing a victory or against strong ones, when Walton's presence would go a long way toward helping keep the score respectable, and might even produce an occasional upset. Right now Silas is leaning toward the latter course. "Some teams might not accept the situation or would find it disruptive," Silas says. "But remember, we won 17 games last year. I don't think we can afford to be choosy." Center Swen Nater agrees. "It's just a situation where if he's here, he's here, and if he's not, he's not," says Nater. "There's no question that everyone gets a little more excited when he's around." The Clippers would perk up a little more if they could sign forward Terry Cummings of DePaul, the No. 2 pick in the draft. An ordained minister, Cummings was working out with Athletics in Action in Memphis in the preseason, but the Clippers hope he'll be in their uniform soon.

What the Clippers need more than either Cummings or Walton is an experienced guard. Right now Silas has to pick from among such stalwarts as Robert Smith, Mike Evans, John Douglas and Jim Brogan. If one should emerge from the pack, look for Al Wood to move to the big guard spot, freeing Michael Brooks to join Tom Chambers and perhaps Cummings and that once-a-week warrior, Walton, on the front line.

—ANDREW COHEN

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A Bulldog who's a bird dog

by Kent Hannon

Terry Hoage's 10 interceptions have helped Georgia stay undefeated

I took Terry Hoage's teammates at Georgia more than a year to figure out that he wasn't out-and-out strange. Just very, very unusual.

First of all, what was a Texan doing on scholarship in Athens, Ga.? More suspicious was the news that Hoage finished his freshman year with a 3.75 grade average—in genetics. And, besides, if a guy's that smart, he shouldn't be as quiet as Hoage was. Nobody saw much of him in the TV room of the jock dorm, and when he did show up, he was always asking whether anybody would mind turning off the sports and putting on *M*A*S*H* or *Hill Street Blues*. You bet they minded. Next thing you know this guy was going to start tracking down Reese's Pieces instead of split ends.

It might have helped Hoage's teammates to understand him if they had known that he'd been taking college

classes since ninth grade; that his father, Terrell, is a biology professor who spent as much time helping Terry understand polysaccharides as he did preparing him for Punt, Pass and Kick competition, and that the younger Hoage came to Georgia to prove that he's as big-time on the field as in the classroom.

"By the end of my senior year in high school, where I was a strong safety/quarterback, not a single major college had offered me a scholarship to play football," says Hoage, a 6'3", 196-pounder from Huntsville, Texas. "Columbia, Furman and my hometown school, Sam Houston State, were interested, but I wanted to play 70,000-people-in-the-stands kind of football or none at all. I'd just made up my mind to go to Texas and study premed—no walking on an football—when Georgia got a tip from an alumnus who's head of the political sci-

ence department at Sam Houston and offered me a scholarship. At first, I was stuck on the specialty teams here. I spent my whole freshman year visualizing a blocked field goal, because I knew I needed to impress the coaches some way."

Hoage got his big chance against Notre Dame in the Sugar Bowl at the end of the 1980 season. On that New Year's night with the Irish leading 3-0, he came flying out of nowhere to block a field goal, thus helping Georgia win the game and the national championship. Now, in his junior year, Hoage has emerged as the nation's leading pass interceptor and as a spark plug for the Bulldogs' sometimes spattering offense.

Hoage has 10 interceptions, putting him within reach of the NCAA single-season record of 14 set by Al Worley of Washington in 1968. But that mark may not be broken if opponents continue to do as Kentucky did in Georgia's 27-14 victory Saturday night, which ran the Dogs' record to 7-0; the Wildcats paid Hoage the ultimate compliment of not throwing a single pass to his side of the field. "We have great respect for him," said Kentucky Coach Jerry Claiborne, "and we didn't want to add to his total."

Until the Kentucky game, Hoage had intercepted at least one pass in every game this season and was so brilliant in Georgia's 27-13 victory over Vanderbilt on Oct. 16—intercepting three passes to set up 17 Bulldog points—that afterward, when Coach Vince Dooley came over to shake Hoage's hand in the dressing room, the entire Georgia team gave him a standing ovation. That's a tribute previously granted only to Bulldog Tailback Herschel Walker.

"I can't explain why everything is going so right all of a sudden," says Hoage. "I started seven games at roverback as a sophomore and never touched a pass, let alone intercepted one."

Hoage was overlooked by most college recruiters because he doesn't have the sprinter's speed necessary to go stride for stride with today's offensive backs and wide receivers. He's a throwback to the defensive-back-as-centerfielder type, to

continued

Hoage (14) has an average of 1.43 interceptions a game and a GPA of 3.65 in the classroom.

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someone like Jake Scott, a Georgia All-America (1968) and a four-time All-Pro with the Miami Dolphins whose school record for interceptions has been tied by Hooge.

No matter how you clock him in a straight line—4.75 in the 40—Hooge has been galloping all over the field this year. He leads the Dogs' defensive unit in practically every category, tackles (77), tackles for a loss (8), passes broken up (9) and fumbles caused (3). Within a three-minute period against Mississippi State he blocked an extra point and knocked down a two-point conversion pass.

"I guess one reason my stats are so good is that as the roverback, I have the freedom to play recklessly and get involved in so many different aspects of our defense," says Hooge. "It's a hybrid position that combines elements of defensive end, linebacker and safety."

Hearing Hooge use words like "hybrid" and not knowing that he was capable of playing good, reckless football is why some of his teammates thought he was a little weird at first. Was this guy a quiche-eater, or what? Hooge, of course, gets nothing but good-natured verbal abuse from his teammates these days, but some members of the media still have to learn how to come to grips with his vocabulary. Listen in on one interview.

A sportswriter asks Hooge, "What does your dad do for a living, son?" Hooge replies: "He teaches histology, cytology and electron microscopy at Sam Houston State University. But right now he's on a leave of absence, working at the National Center for Toxicological Research in Arkansas."

The interview goes on hold while Hooge spells half a dozen words for the interviewer and redefines and clarifies most of what he has said before he goes on to explain his own interest in genetics in layman's terms. "I know all this sounds pretty exotic," he says, "but you have to remember I've been hanging around my dad's lab since I was eight years old. The summer before I started high school I monitored his biology course at Sam Houston State. I made an 89, the second-highest grade in the class."

That kind of smarts has helped Hooge master Georgia's complicated, computerized defensive system. Neither Dooley nor Defensive Coordinator Bill Lewis can resist the cliché, "He's a coach on the field." If that's the case, he's a standout in that role as well—the Bulldogs lead the

NCAA in interceptions with 28, while Alabama, Illinois, Rutgers and Tulsa are tied for second with 17.

Until Kentucky decided Hooge had seen enough passes, he had virtually reigned UPI's Southeast Defensive Player of the Week award, winning in three straight times. He first got the honor for his work in the Dogs' 29-22 decision over Mississippi State. Besides aborting those two PAT attempts, he turned in a game-high 10 tackles, caused a fumble and intercepted a pass.

Terry's dad drove to Athens for the Mississippi game the following week to be present for an on-field ceremony honoring his son as the Dogs' top scholar. After tucking his award away, Hooge made a game-high 11 tackles and accounted for two of the Georgia secondary's seven interceptions in a 33-10 victory.

"I'm a moody person," says Hooge, "and it was a great thrill to have my dad here when I accepted the award. When things are going well in other phases of my life, I tend to play good football."

Unfortunately for Vanderbilt, when Georgia Professor Richard Meagher handed Hooge's genetics mid-term test back to him a few days before Georgia met the Commodores, there was an A at the top of the page, which is about as well as one can do. Not surprisingly, on the following Saturday Vandy Quarterback Whit Taylor, who had thrown only three interceptions all year, had three picked off by Hooge in a 27-13 Bulldog win.

"Hooge is a ghost out there," said Vanderbilt Coach George MacIntyre. "He's never out of position," said Taylor, who had completed 30 of 47 passes a week earlier in the Commodores' 31-29 upset of Florida. "That's the best secondary I've ever seen."

In the midst of the standing ovation Hooge received in the locker room that afternoon, someone yelled, "Hooge for the Heisman!" And Dooley, flushed with pride over the way his roverback had played, joined in on the chorus. "We now have two candidates for the Heisman," he said.

Thus far, no Herschel Walker supporters have said they're shifting from No. 34 to No. 14, but Dooley's remarks have succeeded in raising the level of the razzing Hooge has to put up with. Signing an autograph while wearing his lab coat last week, he was addressed by a teammate: "Hey Terry, even Jonas Salk never got that kind of attention."

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST It was late in the fourth period and the capacity crowd of 78,406 at Wisconsin's Camp Randall Stadium may well have felt they'd seen it all. Those fans had seen barefooted Mike Bova of Illinois kick field goals of 19, 21, 30 and 44 yards. They had seen Tony Eason of the Illinois pass for more than 400 yards. They had seen Illinois kicker Chris Sigmund deliberately run from his own 19 into the end zone, where he ate up time by scotching around before being tackled with 1:54 left. That safety had paved the Badger defeat to 26-22. It also enabled Illinois to get off a free kick from its 20. That strategy backfired when Wisconsin pulled off perhaps the most novel maneuver of the season. The play began on the Illinois 40 with Quarterback Randy Wright of the Badgers pegging the ball to Split End Al Bont, who was some 15 yards to Wright's left and slightly behind him. Wright's throw hit the turf before reaching Tony. "Dead ball," shouted the Illini. "Play's over. So what if Tony scooped up the hallen the bounce?" So plenty. The ball was still in play because it was a lateral (not forward) pass. While Illinois defenders relaxed, Tight End Jeff Nault of Wisconsin zipped into the open near the end zone. Tony fired Nault caught Touchdown Wisconsin 28-26 with 52 seconds to go.

Did it really matter that the PAT kick was missed? Yes. Eason took the Illini 51 yards on five quick plays after the ensuing kickoff. That put the ball on the Badger 29. From there the shoelace Bova booted a 46-yard field goal as time ran out, giving Illinois a 29-28 victory. By kicking five field goals, he tied a Big Ten single-game mark. And Bova, who has now made good on 18 of 20 such attempts and on 26 of 26 PAT kicks, broke Red Grange's 1924 Illinois record of 78 points in a season by raising his total to 80 points.

Steve Smith of first-place Michigan played only the first two quarters at Northwestern. During those 30 minutes he hit on 10 of 12 passes for 203 yards, ran nine times for 71 yards and led the Wolverines to touchdowns on six of their possessions. Anthony Carter latched on to a pair of Smith's passes for TDs that covered 34 and 29 yards. That gave Carter 36 career touchdowns, a Michigan record. Wildcat freshman Sandy Schwab set NCAA single-game marks for completions (45), attempts (71) and tied in plays (76). But neither Schwab's 436 yards passing nor a Big Ten record 17 catches by Tight End Jon Harvey kept Michigan from romping 49-14.

Ohio State also won in a breeze, 49-25 at Indiana, where the Backeyes haven't lost since 1904. Even when Ohio State puffed up,

(3) moved

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things worked out fine—as when Quarterback Mike Tomczak called the wrong play, “Right 86 deep post” instead of “Right 83 deep post.” Flanker Cedric Anderson caught Tomczak’s pass on that play and turned it into a 73-yard TD. Buckeye tailback Timmy Spencer ran for 187 yards on 33 carries.

Running Back Eddie Phillips of Iowa also had a big day—36 rushes for 198 yards and the decisive TD—in a 21-16 win at Minnesota. Purdue beat Michigan State 24-21.

For Bruce Mathison, a seldom-used, fifth-year senior quarterback at Nebraska, it started out like so many other Saturdays. There he was on the bench while Turner Gill ran the attack during a Big Eight game against visiting Missouri. Back Roger Craig joined Mathison on the sideline after injuring an ankle early in the first period. Late in the first half, Gill suffered a concussion. Suddenly, this was no ordinary Saturday for Mathison; he was quarterbacking the Huskers. The Tigers led 7-3 at the half and 13-9 with 9:07 to play. Mathison, who Hecker Coach Tom Osborne said had trouble reading the defenses early on, then rallied his team with a 79-yard march. Mike Rover, who had a hip pointer and wasn’t expected to play, took over for Craig and during that drive caught a 10-yard pass from Mathison and also ripped off runs of 17 and 27 yards. In all, Rover gamely carried 17 times for 139 yards. Tailback Mark Schellen finally put Nebraska ahead by scoring from one yard out with 4:46 to go, and then Mathison ran 16 yards into the end zone with 2:36 left. Missouri scored with 33 seconds remaining, but its subsequent on-sides kick was pounced on by Nebraska, which won 23-19.

Oklahoma State had high hopes of winning at Oklahoma. After all, the Cowboys had the leading rusher in the nation, Ernest Anderson, who was averaging 208.8 yards a game. And they had an offense that was crutching out 450.2 yards a game, the fifth best in Division I-A. Those hopes—and averages—were shattered by the Sooners, who held Anderson to 59 yards on 20 carries and limited Oklahoma State to 241 yards in total offense while winning 27-9. Freshman Tailback Marcus Durree of the Sooners started the scoring in the first quarter when, on fourth and one, he ran 30 yards to a touchdown. In other conference games it was Iowa State 31-14 over Colorado and Kansas State 36-7 over Kansas.

EAST

“No one cares that we had four starters who weren’t in this game. No one cares that half our guys were playing hurt and that half our guys had the flu.” Maybe not, but Pitt Coach Foge Fazio, who uttered those words after a 14-0 victory at Syracuse, obviously cared so much about the manpower problems facing his undefeated Panthers that he lost count of the wounded. Only two starters didn’t play.

More worrisome than injuries or all health was Pitt’s continuing struggle to rack up

points—it has an average of 22.0 per game as compared with 32.1 last season. “One thing we have to learn is the importance of getting first-downs before completing passes,” Quarterback Dan Marino said. “Receivers spent too much time riggragging, looking for the long breakaway instead of going for first-down yardage.” Marino, who hit on 24 of 38 throws for 227 yards, equaled an NCAA record by passing for a touchdown in his 11th straight game. That came on a two-yard toss

passes intercepted, or that he fumbled the ball away once. Thus, despite Hostetler’s connecting on 19 of 37 attempts for 250 yards, the Mountaineers came up on the short end of a 24-0 score. A crowd of 60,958, the largest ever to attend a sporting event in West Virginia, saw the Mountaineers outgun the Nittany Lions 382-343 in total offense. Mountaineer routers could only wish that Penn State’s Curt Warner, who was born and raised in West Virginia, still played there. Warner, who gained 82 yards on 13 carries, spearheaded a Nittany Lion ground attack that gained 225 yards. Penn State, which led 10-0 in the half, tucked the game away when Linebacker Scott Radecic returned an interception 85 yards for a fourth-period TD.

Army led visiting Boston College 14-12 after two quarters, but lost 32-17. Doug Flutie of the Eagles atoned for a poor first half—three completions in 11 tries for 36 yards—with a strong second-half performance in which he connected on eight of 15 for 137 yards, including scoring passes of 40 and 23 yards to Split End Paul Zdzien. Unlike Army, Navy made its headline advantage—21-3—stand up. But the Midshipmen, who defeated The Citadel 28-3, lost Quarterback Marco Pagnanelli, who suffered a broken leg. College was toppled from the unbeaten ranks, losing 34-17 at Rutgers.

Penn, gunning for its first Ivy championship since 1959, remained alone at the top of the league by knocking off Yale 27-14. Quaker fans were so ecstatic about their team’s first triumph over the Elis since 1972 that the Penn players had to return to the Franklin Field gridiron to acknowledge their postgame cheers. Second-place Harvard was a 27-15 victor at Princeton. Cornell’s quest for its initial victory was foiled when a two-point conversion attempt failed during the closing seconds against visiting Dartmouth, which won 14-13. Brown was beaten 17-6 by Holy Cross and Columbia lost 42-25 to Bucknell.

WEST

“I don’t know if I’ve ever seen a player have a game quite like he had,” Washington Coach Don James said of Gabriel Rivera, a defensive tackle for Texas Tech. Rivera, a 6’ 3”, 280-pound senior, hounded the Huskies all day and was the main reason they had only 268 yards in total offense as compared with their season average of 415.4. The Red Raiders broke up a scoreless struggle when Ricky Gann drilled a 39-yard field goal with 13:19 to go. Jacque Robinson, who ran 35 times for 203 yards, enabled Washington to pull out a 10-3 win by gaining 104 yards in the final period. It was a 19-yard burst by Robinson that finally put the Huskies ahead 7-3. A 29-yard field goal by Chuck Nelson wrapped up the scoring.

During a week in which there wasn’t a single major upset, the biggest surprise was that Notre Dame needed a 35-yard field goal from Mike Johnston with 11 seconds left to

SI TOP 20	
1. PITT (6-0)	1 *
2. WASHINGTON (7-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (7-0)	3
4. SMU (7-0)	4
5. ARIZONA STATE (7-0)	5
6. PENN STATE (6-1)	7
7. NEBRASKA (6-1)	8
8. ARKANSAS (6-0)	9
9. N. CAROLINA (5-1)	8
10. ALABAMA (6-1)	10
11. SOUTHERN CAL (5-1)	12
12. UCLA (6-0-1)	13
13. FLORIDA STATE (5-1)	11
14. WEST VIRGINIA (5-2)	14
15. MIAMI (5-2)	16
16. FLORIDA (4-2)	17
17. LSU (5-0-1)	18
18. OKLAHOMA (5-2)	—
19. CLEMSON (5-1-1)	19
20. BOSTON COLL. (5-1-1)	20

* Last week

to Julius Dawkins in the opening period. The Orangemen had an apparent tying TD—on a 54-yard run by Tailback Jamie Conington—nullified by a holding penalty in the second quarter. Pitt didn’t score again until the closing period, three other drives having ended when Syracuse picked off Marino passes. Once again the Panther defense was better than its offense, limiting the Orange to 140 yards in total offense for the afternoon.

“The one thing that disappoints me is... the feeling of revenge that a lot of people are trying to make out of it. It’s just not there. I’m just going out there to have a good time and play some football against a lot of buddies.” That was the essence of a statement that West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler issued through the school’s sports-information office before last week’s showdown against Penn State. Hostetler, a former Nittany Lion quarterback who transferred to the Mountaineers, didn’t exactly have a terrific time against his old buddies. It didn’t help that he went into the game with a badly injured left leg toe, or that he hurt his left knee in the first quarter, or that he had two of his

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salvage a 13-13 stalemate with winless Oregon. The Irish, who had held five previous foes to an average of 42 yards rushing, the best figure in the land, gave up 111 yards on the ground. The Ducks had gone in front 13-10 with 10:27 remaining, when Terrance Jones banged over from one yard out. Arizona, which had stunned the Irish 16-13 the week before, walloped Pacific 55-7.

California appeared to be out of it when Quarterback Gale Gilbert went down with a knee injury in the second quarter against visiting UCLA, which led at that point 31-14. But J. Torchio rallied the Golden Bears to a 31-31 tie after three periods. As good as Torchio was—he hit on 14 of 25 passes for 197 yards—he couldn't stop the Bruins from scoring 16 points in the final period to pull out a 47-31 Pac-10 triumph. UCLA set a team record by passing for 397 yards, 322 by Tom Ramsey, who found his receivers with 17 of 23 throws.

It was more than 100' on the playing field when Oregon State took on Southern Cal at L.A.'s Memorial Coliseum. The heat didn't bother the Trojans, who ran for 267 yards and passed for 222 while romping 38-0. Although John Elway completed only 10 of 26 passes for 85 yards, Stanford beat Washington State 31-26. Cardinal Mike Dotterer scored three TDs, the last with 22 seconds left.

New Mexico (6-1) set a school rushing record by gaining 585 yards while drubbing New Mexico State 66-14. Leading the way was Mike Carrier, who gained 174 yards.

SOUTHWEST "Houston had two receivers on my side, and the tight end cut back inside. I had worked on that situation in practice. I just stepped in and Wilson threw it right to me." That was Arkansas Cornerback Danny Watkins' description of how he intercepted a pass from Houston's Lionel Wilson and ran it back 93 yards for a TD. By so doing, Watkins, who moved in front of Tight End Carl Hilton to make that grab, put the Razorbacks ahead 7-3 midway through the first period.

In the second period, Quarterback Brad Taylor of the Hogs scored twice on one-yard runs and teamed up with Derek Holloway on a 56-yard scoring pass. Arkansas' 38-3 win in this Southwest Conference matchup was its first over the Cougars since 1977. The Razorbacks, who intercepted four passes, have allowed an average of only 5.8 points a game. That's the stingiest average in Division I-A.

Texas Christian ended a "Dirt" spell by beating Baylor for the first time since 1973, 38-14. It was the third triumph for the Horned Frogs, marking the first time they have had more than two during any of the six years that Coach F.A. Dry has been in charge. TCU broke the game open with 17 points in the final two minutes of the first half.

Coach Jackie Sherrill knew that Texas A&M backers would let out a howl if he lost

to 0-7 Rice. No sweat, The Aggies, who until Saturday hadn't been overly impressive during the first year of Sherrill's lavish long-term contract, thrashed the Owls 49-7. When A&M defenders weren't busy picking off six Rice passes, Gary Kubiak of the Aggies was completing 24 of 37 tries for 306 yards and five touchdowns. Three of those scoring throws were hailed in by Don Jones.

SOUTH When Herschel Walker was a freshman at Georgia, he consented to having a horse named in his honor. Herschelwalker, a thoroughbred son of Bold Hour who never ran as well as his namesake, suffered a knee injury and was prematurely retired to stud this year. However, Walker himself last week took his power-horse running to horse country and propelled the Bulldogs past Kentucky 27-14. The winless Wildcats led 14-3 after scoring on a 56-yard pass from Quarterback Doug Martin to Fullback Shawn Douglas and on a 13-yard run by Tailback Lawrence (Choo Choo) Lee. Then Walker began galloping, hauling in a screen pass from Quarterback John Laitinger and turning it into a 64-yard scoring play that cut the Wildcats' lead to 14-10 shortly before halftime. That touchdown, the 43rd of Walker's career, broke the SEC record that he had shared with former LSU star Charles Alexander. Two more scoring passes by Laitinger and Kevin Butler's field goal enabled Georgia to pull away in the second half. In addition to rushing for 152 yards on 34 carries, Walker picked up 79 yards on three catches.

Vanderbilt scored twice in the fourth period to upend Mississippi 19-10, and Auburn swept past Mississippi State 35-17. Alabama and Louisiana State were at-home winners in non-conference games. The Crimson Tide led Cincinnati only 7-3 at the half. Despite 513 yards in total offense, 'Bama labored before finishing off the Bearcats 21-3. No one knew better than Tide Quarterback Walter Lewis how tough Cincinnati was; he was sacked four times for 32 yards in losses. Nonetheless, Lewis kept bouncing back. Before leaving the game with a bruised left shoulder suffered on the final play of the third period, he had carried 21 times for 156 yards and had completed six of seven passes for another 61. Not until Lamar Patrick scored the final TD on a 45-yard run midway through the fourth quarter could Alabama breathe easy.

With Linebacker James Seawright making 16 tackles, 10 unassisted, South Carolina shut down LSU's outside running and kept the Tigers from converting a third-down play until the final period, on their 12th attempt. Despite all that and despite outrushing LSU 145 yards to 129, the Gamecocks lost. What made the Tigers 14-6 winners was that they didn't commit a turnover and scored twice in the first half after recovering a South Carolina fumble and sealing a pass. Quarterback Alan Risher turned both turnovers into TDs by ri-

fling passes of six and 25 yards to Eric Martin. LSU might have lost, though, had it not been for Linebacker Al Richardson's 18 tackles, which tied a team record.

"When we win, we get the least credit. When we lose, we take the most blame," said Offensive Guard Kenny Howell of Georgia Tech, whose offensive line had been taking considerable abuse, particularly after the previous week's 24-0 loss to Auburn. On Saturday, however, those linemen received heaps of praise after a 31-21 defeat of visiting Tennessee, which the week before had upset Alabama 35-28. Sophomore Tailback Robert Lavette of the Yellow Jackets scored three TDs in a game for the second time this season as he rushed for 139 yards. Jim Bob Taylor added variety to the offense by passing for 202 yards and a 12-for-19 performance.

When Clemson won the national championship last season, three starters missed a total of only eight games because of injuries. Already this year seven starters have missed 16 games. Quarterback Homer Jordan, who was hurt in practice on Oct. 12, underwent exploratory arthroscopic knee surgery last week and will be out indefinitely. Mike Eppley, who's also the starting point guard for the Tiger basketball team, continued to fill in for Jordan against North Carolina State. Eppley did lots of handing off to Tailbacks Chuck McSwain (129 yards on 14 carries) and Cliff Austin (109 yards on 25 carries). Tot Avery kept the Wolfpack in contention in this ACC battle by hitting on 22 of 33 passes for 246 yards and two touchdowns. So did Tailback Joe McIntosh, who rambled for 113 yards and two TDs. That, though, wasn't enough to prevent a 38-29 loss.

Virginia ended an eight-game losing streak by piling up 643 yards in total offense while defeating Wake Forest 34-27. A Cavalier rec-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Senior Quarterback Tony Eason of Illinois was on target with 37 of his 51 pass attempts (72.5%) for 479 yards and one touchdown in a come-from-behind 29-28 Big Ten win over Wisconsin.

DEFENSE Tackle Gabriel (Señor Sack) Rivera of Texas Tech made 10 tackles, had one sack and batted away four passes—one was grabbed by a teammate—in Tech scored Washington, before losing 10-3.

ced of 320 yards passing was set by Wayne Schuchman, who connected on 15 of 30 attempts. Boomer Eason of Maryland also struck through the air, completing 19 of 33 throws for 253 yards and three touchdowns during the Terps' 49-22 defeat of Duke.

Oso Valley Conference leader Eastern Kentucky won 35-21 at Western Kentucky. That brought the Colonels' record to 6-0. **END**

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Calvin Coolidge came to tiny Verdi, Minnesota once. It was in 1926, when the presidential train made an unscheduled stop at the depot, but most of the people Silent Cal waved to on that proud day are gone now. So is the depot. So is much of the town: the 26-room hotel, the dance hall, the blacksmith shop, the lumberyard and the bank—in fact, almost everything except Verdi (pronounced VUR-die) High. It's so small—only 35 students in grades nine through 12—that it has to play nine-man football. So small, in fact, that its continued existence is in question. And the town (pop. 250) might not survive the school's demise, but if Verdi does go—oh, damn the

those differences and the fact that the field measures 80 × 40 yards instead of 100 × 53½, the rules are the same as for 11-man football—is played only in Minnesota and the Dakotas. Minnesota has 113 nine-man schools, and Verdi is the smallest of them. It survived the season with 15 players, but two of them were seventh-graders, one weighing 115 pounds, the other 88, another was in eighth grade. The future of Verdi football

by Dan Levin

man Minnesota neighbors that it was forced to cross the South Dakota border, six miles west of town, to find all its regular-season opponents. Even there, the first school on the Trojans' schedule, Elkton, had 93 students in its top four grades. But Verdi won 55-6 and triumphed again the following week, 52-6

Mini Minny town hits it big

Verdi High has only 35 students, a mere 15 players and a 7-0 record



The Trojans, with managers, coaches and cheerleaders, are backed by most of Verdi.

chichés—it will go with a bang, not a whimper. The Trojans of Verdi High were 7-0 last week, having completed the first undefeated season in their 26-year history, and they were getting ready to play top-ranked Starbuck in the first round of the Minnesota nine-man championships. The Trojans had beaten schools up to three times their size and outscored their opponents 340 to 24. Verdi—tiny, vanishing Verdi—is agog.

Nine-man football—there are no offensive tackles, and on defense the cornerbacks are eliminated, but aside from

is problematic itself, unless Minnesota inaugurates five-man competition, which is how many players will remain when the Trojans' 10 seniors graduate. As Coach Joel Determan says, "Other coaches ask me, 'Will you be having a football team next year?' and I say, 'Probably not.'"

"We've thought about that all year," says Verdi senior Flanker Randy Hunter. "That's one reason why we're playing so hard."

The enrollment of Verdi High is so much smaller than even those of its nine-

at Rutland. The week after that the defense really tightened in a 58-0 shutout of Lake Preston, a school with 88 students. On that day the sons of two Verdi dairy farmers did more than their share: Senior Defensive Tackle Doyle Groosters had 10 tackles, and Quarterback Deven Housekog, also a senior, rushed for two TDs, passed for another and scored a fourth on an interception return.

Verdi kept rolling along, winning 36-12, 70-0 and 38-0, until The Trojans were 6-0 and facing their most important game ever, last Friday night against the Rockets of Ramona.

Verdi was named for a local Catholic priest, or for the Italian composer, depending on whose story you believe. It is situated on a country road two miles west of state highway 75, in southwestern Minnesota, and to reach it from the main route you must pass through a grim landscape of steep little hills, with cows standing on the ridges, nibbling, it seems, from a distance, on mud. In Verdi there's one main street, a row of surprisingly lovely cottonwood trees and a store-restaurant-gas station named Kit's Korner, where some of the world's friendliest people spend part of each day sipping coffee. There is very little else to do in Verdi. As the school junior, Don Kuehl, said last week, "The biggest thing to happen in this town? Oh, once in a while the kids get in their cars and tear around. And in summer there are softball games all the time. But of course those won't compare to the Ramona game."

continued



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Houselog copes with cows and cats...

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL, continued

The center of Verdi is one-third of a mile square, and 45 people live there, the rest of the residents live on nearby farms. The town is ringed by fields of soybeans, corn, alfalfa and, in this wet fall, much mud. The school is on a muddy street a block and a half from Kit's. The gym, a Quonset hut, was used to store grain in nearby Ruthon until it was trucked to Verdi in 1966. There are no Nautilus machines, and the gym is 15 feet too narrow for a basketball court, so Verdi plays its home games across the border in Elkton

...and, on this game night, with Ramona.



On the eve of the Ramona game, most of Verdi's football players were, as usual, tending the cows on their fathers' farms. Houselog milked 23 Holsteins that evening, getting about three gallons from each. All summer he had baled hay. There are 35 acres of hayfields on the Houselog farm; at 100 bales per acre that is 3,500 bales weighing 75 to 100 pounds each. Most of them had to be piled in the barn by hand, jerked upward with the thighs and lower back. That may not be scientific weight training, but it isn't sitting in front of Hollywood Squares with a package of Twinkies, either.

At 6.30 the following morning—game day—a reasonable choice of activity for Verdi's favorite athletes would have been sleeping. It was 25° outside. But Verdi is no country-club suburb. Lights flickered on in local barns, and Grooters was out there, with his father, hauling galls of ground corn and silage for 50 dairy cows. After feeding the livestock, father and son milked each cow. All the while, cows came lumbering in and out of the barn doorway. Grooters, at 155 pounds, deftly shunted them aside. They weren't aggressive, but some of them weighed 1,500 pounds, and they moved surprisingly quickly.

At breakfast, Grooters' mother pondered aloud, "We've got four sons. Which one gets the farm?"

"Are you the one?" a visitor asked Dayle later.

"I don't know," he said.

"Maybe you'll let a little time pass, and see how you feel about it," it was suggested to him.

"I guess so," he said.

Grooters wasn't the only Verdi player who seemed uncertain about his future.

Houselog was asked, "Do you want to go on to school?"

"Maybe if we get to the state championships I'll get an offer," he said.

The unspoken issue was money. Verdi is a farming community, not a wealthy center of agribusiness.

In the late afternoon, with three hours to game time, most of the town's citizens gathered in front of Kit's to have their picture taken with the team. It seemed like a huge extended family, and when the players climbed aboard their bus for the 50-mile ride to Ramona, nearly 150 townsfolk got ready to follow in their cars and a rented bus. In the dressing room, Determan was taking no chances. His biggest man was 275-pound Right Guard

Doug Peterson, who is called The Gentle Giant by his teammates because he's afraid of killing someone. Determan said, "Doug, you've got a 145-pounder out there, and you'd better push him back 10 yards every time."

Then, half an hour before game time, the dressing room fell silent. "We've got to have this game," Determan said soberly. "You know what you have to do. These guys are going to be pumped, so on the first few plays you go out there and beat the crap out of them. You do that, you'll win tonight, and I guarantee it will be the greatest night of your lives."

"Are there any questions?" he asked. There were none.

"Get intense," he said.

Then he doused the lights and Houselog's tape deck blared out the team's favorite song, *Eye of the Tiger*, from *Rocky III*. Possibly eight or ten words from the song were intelligible, among them "survive," "fight," "hanging tough" and "staying hungry," and when the Trojans ran to the field they, too, were pumped—maybe overly so.

Verdi Back Scot Hager scored a touchdown and ran in a two-point conversion to make the score 8-0 in the first quarter, but he and his teammates seemed overanxious. Another touchdown was called back: the flag kept falling for Verdi penalties. At the half the score was only 11-0, though Ramona had gone nowhere. In the second half Houselog increased the Verdi lead to 19-0 with his passing and then to 25-0 with a 38-yard punt return for a TD. Finally he made it 31-0. On the last score he set up to pass near midfield, was nearly sacked by four defenders, stumbled, recovered and then threaded through everyone for another 38-yard TD run. Grooters had six tackles, six assists and two quarterback sacks. And Determan was saying, "Listen, you guys, we didn't look our best, but we won, and we can beat Starbuck."

The next morning at Kit's the great events in Verdi's history were being recalled: How Herman Volitz's dog had fallen into a well in 1904 and had had to be shot where it lay; how an elephant had escaped from a circus west of town in 1915 and also had had to be shot; and, of course, there had been Coolidge on his train. So where on that list did Houselog and his teammates belong? The question may have been rhetorical, but someone piped up, "Calvin Who?"

END

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On the beam, on the needles

If medical wonders don't cease, Sail On Bunny will become a millionaire

by Derrmie Stathopoulos

It's a cool, overcast August morning at Los Alamitos (Calif.) Race Course. Trainer Jake Cascio is sitting on a folding chair outside his tack room administering laser therapy to his 75-year-old left knee. A few feet away, in Stall 44, veterinarian Jeff Palmer runs a vibrator over the legs and body of a handsome chestnut quarter horse colt named Sail On Bunny. Horse owners have been known to resort to some far-out remedies, but the goings-on around Barn 21 are over the horizon.

What can you say about a 2-year-old colt who has been X-rayed, laser-beamed, acupuncture and "psychoanalyzed"? Well, you can say that he has won \$908,837 in 10 lifetime starts. If he races again later this year, as expected, he could become—literally—a million-dollar baby. As it is, Bunny probably has 2-year-old quarter horse colt-of-the-year honors locked up. He has also been syndicated for more than \$6 million. Not

bad for a broken-down cripple, which is what Jake's son, Bubba, calls Sail On Bunny. Charles William (Bubba) Cascio, now 50, is also a trainer, and in August had his horses stabled on the other side of Barn 21. Invariably, before any race that both he and his father had horses in, Bubba walked by the old man and said, "Good luck, Daddy. I hope you run second." And invariably Jake replied, "Good luck to you, Son. I hope you get third."

A quarter horse race can be summed up as breaking well from the gate, running hell-for-leather down a straightaway and may the fastest horse win. Because the horses explode out of the gate, it isn't unusual for them to slam into each other at the start, which is what happened to Bunny last April in the Sun Country Futurity Trials at Sausal Park in New Mexico. Though bumped and injured, he finished second. When Cascio shipped Bunny the 800 miles to Los Alamitos, the colt was favoring his right foreleg and limping like an arthritic old man. And he had to get ready for the Kindergarten Stakes in June. Bunny was X-rayed fore to aft and top to bottom:



Bunny's a model patient whether getting a beam in the leg or a needle in the ear.



Three track vets diagnosed his ailment as a primary shoulder injury.

Doc Palmer, however, was convinced the injury was a bone splint in the colt's right leg and proceeded to treat Bunny for that. Every morning Palmer would haul his Dynatron 820 Laser machine out to the barn, hook a ground wire to the colt's left leg and point a laser beam at the spot where he believed Bunny was injured. Palmer says the machine is an experimental tool. However, he says, "It seems to give immediate localized relief and reduce healing time by half." Palmer admits that when he first heard about the machine, he thought it was a bunch of hocus-pocus. In fact, he was about to send it back to the manufacturer when he sprained his wrist. So Palmer decided to try it out on himself. In no time the wrist was cured, he says.

Palmer, the colt's main vet, continued to minister to his charge every morning, and in addition to laser therapy, he devised an oxygen mask that fits over the horse's nose and mouth to combat the Southern California smog. "When it gets smoggy out here and I can't breathe, I figure the horse can't either," he says. He also injected the colt's knees with "rooster juice," otherwise known as hyaluronic acid, which is derived from rooster combs, among other sources. This concentrate adds hydrogen to the cartilage, Palmer claims, and increases the natural cushion for the knee joint.

What Palmer didn't know was that Cascio had also called in another vet, Ed Hill, to treat Bunny's shoulder with acupuncture in the afternoons. Acupuncture isn't unknown around racetracks. "I'd seen it work on other horses," Cascio said, "so I thought I'd give it a try." Well, the morning after his first treatment, the very sore Sail On Bunny was able to go for a light gallop. Hill practices what he calls auricular acupuncture, meaning the needles are placed in the ear. "That dilates the blood vessels," he says, "and releases the plugged-up qi, or life energy." Hill even seemed to have cleared up a skin rash on Bunny by socking a few extra needles in the horse's ear.

The various treatments paid off. On



After a stumble at the start of the Fabergé Special Effort Futurity, Sail On Bunny (9) almost caught Make Mine Cash (8). But, to Cascio (top) and Box, Bunny was a winner.



June 19 Bunny won the \$715,000 Kindergarten by a neck, covering the 350 yards in 17.74 seconds. The two vets, by now aware of each other, continued their treatments, pointing the colt toward the \$1,075,000 Skool Dash For Cash Futurity in mid-July. But was this enough protection for Cascio? Of course not. He called in a psychic, Beatrice Lydecker, 43, to commune with his horse. "She said he did have a sore shoulder," says Cascio, "and some leg problems, but that he would get better."

That was good news both for Cascio and for Jake Box, a 43-year-old wheat farmer from Portales, N. Mex. who's responsible for having brought Bunny into this world. In 1978, Box bought Bunny's dam, Miss Myrna Mix, for \$500 plus a broodmare and a colt of hers and a yearling filly. Box bred Myrna Mix to Bunny Bid, who was standing in Vernon, Texas. Stud fee: \$1,500. Result: Sail On Bunny. Then came the yearling sales at Rudoso Downs, N. Mex. in September of last year. Box paid the \$500 fee to auction Bunny off. "I figured he was worth around \$14,000," says Box. Cascio, who was also at the sale, advised Box, an old friend, not to take less than \$10,000. He thought Bunny's breeding, though not conventionally promising, was good. So when the bidding on the colt went to only \$9,500, Box bid \$10,000 and got his own horse back. Then he turned around and

sold a half interest in the colt to a boyhood friend and fellow wheat farmer, Ray Starbuck.

No sooner did Sail On Bunny win the Skool Dash For Cash than Oklahoma bloodstock agent and all-around mogul Don Tyner bought Bunny from the two wheat farmers for \$4.5 million. It was Tyner who took charge of syndicating 150 breeding shares in Sail On Bunny, with Box and Starbuck retaining five shares each and Cascio getting two shares as a bonus. What this means in effect is that Cascio will receive \$45,000 a year for the next five years and to hell with Social Security.

But in the week leading up to August's \$1,183,000 Fabergé Special Effort Futurity, Sail On Bunny was still sore. Palmer took to swigging Pepto Bismol, and nobody involved was getting any sleep. "You'd go to bed thinking about it," says Cascio. And then, on the Wednesday before the race, while being walked around outside the barn, Sail On Bunny started playing. On Thursday, Palmer declared the colt 80% sound. On Friday, Bunny was on the muscle. Cascio called out to his son, "You better get your dogs ready to catch the Bunny tomorrow."

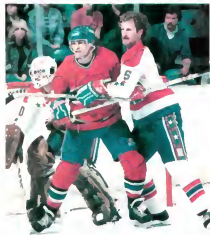
Saturday night, before the race, Cascio was one of the first to get to the paddock, and here came Bunny, all full of himself and dancing.

At 11:13 p.m. the gates blew open and

Bunny broke so hard he stumbled badly, going down on his right knee. His jockey, Gary Sumpter, quickly gathered the colt and they raced for the wire, making up so much ground that when they passed the halfway mark of the 440-yard race, Bunny was in second and gaining. When the leaders crossed the finish line 21.86 seconds after the start, what the photo finish showed was Bunny second to a 19-1 filly named Make Mine Cash. Although the official race chart reads that Bunny was beat a head, the margin was more like a couple of inches.

Cascio was a little depressed, but everyone went back to the barn and drank champagne anyway. Palmer said, "We feel the horse really did win. He showed everyone he's a true champion." Bubba's two horses, by the way, finished seventh and ninth in the 10-horse field.

Will Sail On Bunny win next time out and top \$1 million? Will Bubba come back and beat the Old Man? Like all soap operas, this one has no ending, just the next episode. Stay tuned.



Langway (right) helped the Caps tie up his old team.

On Sept. 10, two days before the NHL training camps opened, All-Star Defenseman Brian Engblom got word that the Montreal Canadiens had traded him to the Washington Gapingholes (a.k.a. the Capitals), a financially troubled team that in its eight-year history had never made the playoffs, a feat as mathematically improbable as Halley's Comet landing in league President John Ziegler's bathtub. "I was shocked," says Engblom, 27, who was coming off his best season, during which he had led NHL defensemen in plus-minus ratings (+78). "I wasn't even one of those complaining to get out of Montreal."

Included in the deal were Engblom's defense partner, Rod Langway, 25, who had said he wouldn't play another season in Montreal because the Canadian and Quebec tax laws and the country's depressed dollar were making mincemeat of his take-home pay, Doug Jarvis, a peerless defensive center, and Wing Craig Laughlin. Langway was second to Engblom in the plus-minus statistics for defensemen (+66) in 1981-82, and the

two of them were acclaimed as the best defensive pair in the NHL. Washington had acquired Instant ID.

In return, the Canadiens got Ryan Walter, 24, a hard-nosed left wing who was the Caps' second-leading scorer (38 goals, 49 assists) last year and the Washington fans' most popular player to boot. Montreal hoped that Walter would rejuvenate a fading Guy Lafleur. The Canadiens also received 6'3", 207-pound Defenseman Rick Green, the first pick in the 1976 draft, who had labored in anonymity in Washington. Still, the feeling around the league was that Montreal's managing director, Irving Grundman, had had his pocket picked.

"Langway wanted out and the Canadiens were deep at center, so I sensed that my time was running

by E.M. Swift

the game did have its moments, especially for those players performing against their former teammates. Walter scored for the Canadiens, to the delight of his still-loyal fans, while Langway and Laughlin each had a goal for the Capitals. Green, who holds the record for most games played in a Capitals' uniform (377), stepped into the wrong penalty box when he was called for interference in the second period. As for Engblom, he seemed relieved to have survived the game without handing the puck to one of the Canadiens. "I had a sick feeling in my stomach all day that I'd pass to a familiar face out there," he said.

There wasn't much chance Walter or Green would make that mistake because the Capitals have mostly new faces. Of the players who began last season with Washington, only forwards Dennis Maruk, Bobby Carpenter, Mike Gartner and Bengt Gustafsson remain. Among the newcomers is Milan Novy, 31, one of the most renowned names in Czechoslova-

Who's on top in 'the' swap?

Hmm, maybe Washington didn't take Montreal to the cleaners after all

can hockey. It will be some time before Novy, a center, is comfortable with the North American game and life-style—he speaks virtually no English—though he has already shown flashes of brilliance both on the ice and off. Asked by a TV newsmen for an interview, Novy replied, "No speaky Washington."

"All I'm trying to do now is buy time," says Caps General Manager David Poile, a new face himself and the man who put together the trade with Montreal. At 33, Poile is the youngest G.M. in NHL history. "But we've got so many new people, we're not playing as a team."

To give Washington improved defense on two of its three shifts, Poile and Coach Bryan Murray have split up Langway and Engblom, a move that—temporarily anyway—seems to have reduced the effectiveness of each. "It takes half a

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second longer to adjust to a new partner," says Langway, who has played much of the season with 22-year-old Darren Veitch. "Sometimes you make a play that, if Brian were there, would be the right one, but instead you look bad. They want us to help out with the younger players."

Engblom usually has been paired with Scott Stevens, 18, the youngest player in the league. But the biggest change for the new arrivals from the Canadiens may be adjusting to a city in which hockey ranks somewhere between marbles and the milk lobby in local interest. Says Jarvis, "In Montreal all you heard about was hockey. Whether I was burned by the money issue or not, I always figured it was a privilege to play there. In Washington, where hockey's not Number One, motivation can be a problem."

Green and Walter are finding out what a privilege it can be to play on a Canadian team that's going well. Through Sunday Montreal had a 7-1-1 record. "It's just starting to sink in," says Green. "Being in that dressing room, playing in the Forum, being among a bunch of winners—it makes everybody's job easier. I look at this as a promotion."

Says Walter, who after nine games had four goals and four assists, "The aim in Washington was to make the playoffs, but here it's to win the Stanley Cup. [Veteran defenseman] Larry Robinson told me after I got here that the last two years they've scored more than 100 points in the regular season, but the only thing anyone remembers is how they did in the playoffs."

In case anyone needs a reminder, the Canadiens lost in the first round of postseason play each of the last two years—to upstart Edmonton in three straight games in '81 and then to upstart Quebec in five last spring. Why? How? The big man had been shut down. Lafleur had only two goals and two assists in those eight games. This from a man who has averaged better than 1.2 points a game in the playoffs over his 11-year career. Management thought Lafleur—and the Canadiens—needed a left wing not only tough enough to dig the puck out of the corners and to park in front of the net on the power play but also skillful and fast enough to complement Lafleur's

talents at right wing. No one in the vaulted Montreal farm system fitted that description. Walter did. The price, however, was dear. "If the Canadian organization was all it was cracked up to be," says Glen Cole, a Canadian radio announcer, "it never would have put itself in the position of having to trade for a left wing. I think the Canadiens panicked."

Walter has been everything Montreal expected, but the player most responsible for the rejuvenation of Lafleur (five goals, eight assists) has been Lafleur's and Walter's center, Doug Wickenheiser, the first choice in the 1980 draft. After two seasons of bench detail Wickenheiser has blossomed into one of the NHL's scoring leaders with eight goals and seven assists. Further, he has developed into the face-off expert that Montreal lost with the departure of Jarvis.

Besides Wickenheiser, Montreal's biggest surprise has been its defense, which, excluding an 8-7 loss to Chicago, has barely missed Engblom and Langway. Green, after reporting for duty weighing a hefty 225, missed the first three games of the season with a back injury, a mildly some insiders believe Montreal management concocted to give Green time to get himself into shape. Be that as it may, he's playing now and playing well.

Green's partner is Craig Ludwig, who

last season played for North Dakota's NCAA championship team. A native of Rhinelander, Wis., Ludwig is big (6' 3", 212 pounds), steady and poised—like Bill Nyrop, the U.S.-bred defenseman who was a member of three Stanley Cup champion teams in Montreal in the late '70s. "Anyone who says Ludwig hasn't been a surprise just isn't telling the truth," says Montreal Coach Bob Berry. "He's come here out of college and has been one of our steadiest defensesmen."

Robinson is determined to return to his All-Star form following an off-season in 1981-82, but after him the Montreal defense seems thin. Gilbert Delorme, 19, has a bright future, but he can be knocked off the puck right now, and 20-year-old Ric Nattress can become rattled. Robert Picard, 25, and Gaston Gingras, 23, can shoot and skate like All-Stars, but they make so many mental blunders that they are becoming known as Alphome and Gaston. Gingras' nickname, in fact, is Gaston La Gaffe.

Sell, Montreal has allowed an average of only three goals a game, second fewest in the NHL. Defense is a team responsibility, and Berry has the Canadiens playing a disciplined man-on-man system in their own zone. Says Washington's Murray, "When forwards are coming back to help, it's difficult for a young defenseman to get into too much trouble unless he makes just a brutal play."

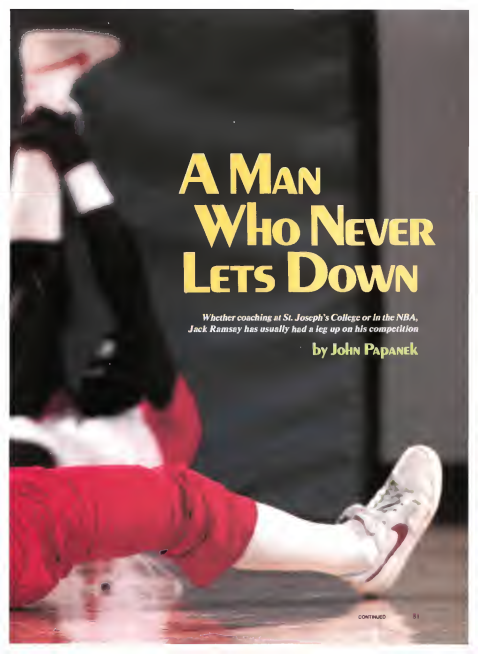
So who got the better end of the deal? Don't be deceived by Montreal's fast start. Last season the Canadiens played their first 10 games without a loss. They have unquestionably helped themselves offensively, but Montreal is still a one-line team, and one-line clubs don't win Stanley Cups unless the defense and goaltending are magnificent. One has to wonder if the Canadiens' defense wouldn't have been exactly that had they stood pat with Langway, Engblom, Robinson and the emergent Ludwig.

As for the Capitals, they only have to make the playoffs for the trade to be regarded a success—a goal that's far from secure, considering their 2-5-1 record at week's end. Says Engblom, "Right now the trade's being analyzed on a day-to-day basis, but you have to wait several months to really judge it. They're never going to stop analyzing it."



Walter's task is to get the Flower to bloom again.





A MAN WHO NEVER LETS DOWN

Whether coaching at St. Joseph's College or in the NBA, Jack Ramsay has usually had a leg up on his competition

by **JOHN PAPANEEK**

Jack Ramsay *continued*



Jack Ramsay is seated at a back table in one of Portland's most elegant seafood restaurants, and he makes a stunning attraction for all present. Foremost, there's the hedgerow of a brow dividing the famous bald head from the cool, slitted eyes and the chiseled Irish face. Ramsay is perhaps the most recog-

nizable citizen of what he calls "the big little city" or "the little big city" of Portland—indeed of the entire state of Oregon. Had he been dining with Robert Redford, the other patrons would have been whispering, "Who's that guy eating with Jack Ramsay?"

For that reason he's less than comfort-

able at this moment, and he barely resembles the highly animated Coach Ramsay of the sidelines. For one thing, he's wearing a dapper navy blazer with an open-collared powder-blue shirt, charcoal slacks and soft black loafers. Until very recently, he was a vision in clashing plaids, checks and paisleys on game nights. His expression is serene, quite unlike that on his game face, and he's wearing thick bifocals so he can read the menu. Seill, he must hold the menu close and squint, and the combination of the glasses and the squinting adds 15 years to his appearance. Not that he cares. Ramsay is funny about expressing his thoughts. Either he's circumspect, selecting and enunciating his words precisely—as when explaining his philosophy or his strategy or in discussing a player or a loss—or he loses control and bubbles like an adolescent when he's happy, like a bull Irishman when he's mad.

He laughs when someone tries to make an issue of his age—aren't you too old to be riding that bicycle that hard?—as people often do. Seeing him in his training sweats or in his swimsuit, you'd say he



A casual cyclist before, Ramsay now is anything but as he pedals along the streets of Ocean City.



that economically depressed state. That's because Ramsay's image is something of a sham. In his life the dominating aroma is, and always has been, sweat.

It is the night before training camp—Parris Island for Ramsay's players, but a beautiful time for him: springtime, when the basketball flowers bloom, when a discordant bunch of jammers becomes, ideally, a symphony orchestra tuned to a single discipline, Ramsay's discipline. At this moment the 1982-83 Trail Blazers are undefeated and anything is possible.

"I really like this team," Ramsay says. "I mean, I really like it. Mychal Thompson [his center] has a chance to become a great player. Not a good one, a great one. His ability to pass the basketball is superb. He could be a great passer. Jimmy

Along with cycling, running and swimming are part of Ramsay's triathlon training. "I'm in better shape now than I was 30 years ago," he says.



has the body a 25-year-old would envy. And how many 57-year-olds are entering and finishing triathlons nowadays?

Ramsay is certainly more comfortable pedaling his bicycle the 110 miles from Portland to the Pacific, or swimming miles in the Atlantic off his summer home on the New Jersey shore, or kneeling on the sidelines orchestrating another Trail Blazers game than he is sitting here in his debonair restaurant rags with people watching him nibbling salmon pike, sipping oyster bisque and sipping an Oregon chablis—Buy Oregon is a seriously taken commandment nowadays in

Paxson. I think, is one of the best guards in the league. He moves without the ball as well as anyone I've ever seen. Darnell Valentine may be the best point guard in the NBA, you'll see. And Calvin Natt could be the best small forward. And we picked up Kenny Carr to be our big forward and Wayne Cooper to back up at center, and Jeff Lamp is going to be a very good player, and we have a rookie, Fat Lever—Fat's short for Lafayette—who's going to be terrific, and a free agent named Audie Norris who could shock a lot of people in the NBA. I mean shock them. And—"

"Jack . . ." his dining companion, who's no Robert Redford, interrupts. "You've been a basketball coach now for what, 27 years? Can you ever remember an evening before training camp when you didn't really like your team?"

A plate-covered cracker freezes in front of Ramsay's mouth. His famous brow folds into a deep V, as though his nose had dropped an inch. The eyes narrow in thought. "Yeah. Hmm. Well . . . One year we had some contract problems . . . well, I still liked them. . . ." He breaks into a grin, and his angular face smooths out, and he takes off his glasses and laughs and laughs as he catches the point of the question and savors it. Ramsay could no more dislike a team than Michelangelo could dislike a block of marble. There's always something that can be done with it.

Just then the waiter arrives to find out what the party would like for an entrée. "Thresher shark," Ramsay says. Clearly, he's ready for the season.

Pro basketball coaches come in various types. Many are former pro players who either love the game or, for lack of anything else to do, coach as a way to stay employed after the legs have gone. This isn't meant to denigrate anyone's credentials or to suggest that the role of an NBA coach isn't important to his team's success. But most of the ex-players happened into their jobs because they had names, or were particularly courageous, or were around at the right time, or all of the above (the Bulls' Gene Shue, the Hawks' Kevin Loughery, the Nuggets' Doug Moe, the 76ers' Billy Cunningham, the Clippers' Paul Silas, the Lakers' Pat Riley). Others pointed themselves toward coaching in their twilight years, perhaps to get some of the recognition they felt they deserved but didn't receive as players (the Sonics' Lennox Wilkens, the Nets' Larry Brown, the Bucks' Don Nelson). Some worked their way up from the college ranks (the Mavericks' Dick Motta, the Celtics' Bill Fitch, the Knicks' Hubie Brown, the Suns' John MacLeod). Others labored long as low-paid assistants (the Spurs' Stan Albeck, the Rockets' Del Harris). Very few were foolish enough to have made coaching their career when they were bright young men

continued

Jack Ramsay continued

who could have succeeded in almost any field they chose if their limited size or talent ruled out pro playing careers. After all, until very recently, coaches' pay was lousy and job security was—in fact, very definitely still is—the worst.

That's what makes John T. (Jack) Ramsay—Doctor Jack Ramsay—so special: his Ph.D. was earned not on a playground but in a classroom. Ramsay is, by nearly unanimous agreement of his peers, not only the leading X-and-O man in pro basketball but also the best moti-

here was a man who could have done anything. He began college in 1942 as a premed major, joined the Navy in '43 and served for the remainder of World War II as a frogman in an underwater demolition team that trained for an invasion of Japan. But he had a drive and energy that he could only satisfy on a basketball court. While in the service he got into trouble for skipping a regimental meeting to practice basketball. Back in college after the war he found he couldn't focus on chemistry with fast breaks and pick and rolls running through his mind. He then realized that if basketball was not yet a worthwhile science, he could help make it one. That, in fact, was what he wanted to do more than anything else. "Though I did reasonably well in my classes," he wrote in his 1978 book, *The Coach's Art*, "it occurred to me . . . that if I was choosing basketball over preparation for medical school, my attachment to basketball was a pretty serious thing . . .

"What is this game that runs through my mind? It is a ballet, a graceful sweep and flow of patterned movement, counterpointed by daring and imaginative flights of solitary brilliance. It is a dance which begins with opposition contesting every move. But in the exhilaration of a great performance, the opposition vanishes. The dancer does as he pleases. The game is unified action up and down the floor. It is quickness, it is strength; it is skill, it is stamina; it is five men playing as one . . . It is the solidarity of a single unifying purpose, the will to overcome adversity, the determination never to give in. It is winning; it is winning; it is winning!"

Ramsay counts among his friends the authors Gay Talese (a neighbor in Ocean City, N.J.) and David Halberstam, the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist who, in searching for a subject that said a lot about America, chose to write about Ramsay and the Trail Blazers—*The Breaks of the Game*—rather than the 1980 U.S. presidential campaign. And when Bill Walton was the heart of the Portland team, Ramsay got to take tea with many members of the counterculture Hall of Fame. But for all his worldliness, Ramsay is an athlete's athlete—Stu Inman, the Blazers' general manager, calls Ramsay "a man's man"—who

would prefer to spend eight months of the year on the road with a collection of 22-year-olds and beer-breathed scouts and basketball writers than with, say, Philip Habib or the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Red Auerbach holds no Ph.D., nor does Red Holzman, and it would be entirely appropriate for Dr. Ramsay, now trailing only those two notables in NBA victories—609 for Ramsay to 696 for Holzman and 938 for Auerbach—to pass both by the time he hangs up his whistle. After all, Ramsay is only 57—going on 25—and sees no end in sight. Besides, he really likes his team.

While Ramsay worked his first coaching job—three seasons at St. James High School in Chester, Pa., for \$2,400 a year plus a \$100 bonus if he made the playoffs (which, of course, he did)—he was also taking graduate classes in education at the University of Pennsylvania and playing for the Mercures in the blood-and-guts Eastern League and for a semipro team in another league. The Mercures were each guaranteed \$40 per game plus a share of the gate, so they always counted the house during the warmups. Ramsay played with every bit of the hustle he now preaches, and in one game he dived for a loose ball, cracked his head open and didn't come to until after the game had ended. As soon as he was conscious, he asked a teammate, Jack McCloskey, now general manager of the Detroit Pistons, "You get my money?"

That was only because he needed it, what with a wife, Jean, whom he'd married in 1949, and a young family that would quickly grow to five children, Susan, now 32, John, 31, Sharon, 28, Christopher, 24, and Carolyn, 23. The game kept running around inside Ramsay's head and there was nothing he could do about it. "I had no doubts about my desire to be a career coach," he says. "At times I might have thought about doing something a little more serious, but there was nothing I would be happier doing. Even this year, at some point I'm going to say, 'What am I doing?' But it will pass."

If he likes his team, he loves to coach. Salmon plié one minute, thrasher shark the next. Tonight he may like his team; tomorrow he'll be running it to the very brink of exhaustion. And when the players tire, they'd better not show it, because

continued



Ramsay has never been much of a bench coach.

vator. In addition, he's also the leader, both spiritually and politically, of the NBA Coaches' Association, which has elected him its president five years in a row. "He's the guy everybody calls when they have a problem," says Coach Jack McKinney of the Pacers, Ramsay's closest friend for 25 years. "He'll never stop trying to help anyone."

As a player, Ramsay was good enough to captain the 1948-49 team at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, but he never got farther in the pros than the Sunbury Mercures of the old Eastern League, which was no big deal, because

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Just what the doctor ordered: Blazers Pieter Verboven (left) and Kenny Carr learn the ropes.

Jack Ramsay continued

their coach is in better condition than any of them. "Sometimes I feel like I'm 57 and he's 27," said Thompson, huffing and puffing after the traditional Ramsay Two-Mile on the opening day of preseason camp four weeks ago.

Ramsay is no less intense, of course, during the season, when he assumes his famous coaching position: in front of the bench, down on one knee, the quality of Portland's play directly readable from the shade of red of his bald pate. "You always knew where you stood by checking out Jack's head," says Dave Twardzik, the former Blazer guard who's now the franchise's director of community relations. Ramsay is the direct heir to Auerbach in the fine art of handling the refs—"the best one-liners," says Referee Earl Strom—and, of course, his players. When the situation calls for professorial tones, they are proffered. But the one thing Ramsay cannot tolerate is a player who doesn't give his best at every moment. When he needs to remind a player of this, Ramsay can turn on a glare that rivals the Ayatollah Khomeini's. Maurice Lucas, a 6'9" power forward who once played for the Blazers, used to call it "layin' on the brow."

"Man, Jack really laid the brow on me," Lucas would say, stunned. And, when even "the brow" wouldn't work, as it finally didn't with Lucas, Ramsay would come to the inescapable conclusion that the player, whom he once really liked, would no longer play for him. And

he'd move that player—in Lucas' case, to the New Jersey Nets; (he has since gone on to the Knicks and then the Suns)—for one who would play for him. In Lucas' case, for the aforementioned Natt.

On occasion Ramsay has seen the game played on the floor the way he sees it played in his mind. For one brief shining moment he saw it being played that way every night—from the spring of 1977, when the Trail Blazers suddenly became one of the best teams ever assembled and won the NBA championship, until the winter of 1978, when they even more suddenly broke apart. During that time, Ramsay says, he knew how a playwright would feel seeing his work performed before SRO houses exactly the way he had envisioned it. "Coaching is a means of self-expression," Ramsay says. "I remember thinking then, 'I coach a team that can beat any other team in the world,' and it was the most satisfied I'd ever been in my life. With that team I had a perfect medium to express my art."

But Ramsay's art, like all art, is doomed to imperfection, because the closer the artist comes to perfection, the farther off he finds it to be. This has occasionally caused Ramsay trouble. He loves the fact that basketball has no limits—"I've gone from the era of the 6'2" center to the 6'9" guard," he says. "Who knows what we'll see in 20 years." He thinks, but he's not sure, that with the two teams that gave him his brightest moments, he tried too hard to reach the limits that don't exist.

"It's a dilemma to me," he says. "I still have in my mind the concept that ath-

letes can always achieve more than they are achieving. But I don't know where that fine line is, where more becomes too much and things break down."

After the Trail Blazer championship team of 1976-77—which was even better, 50-10 at one point, the following season—began coming apart in the winter of '78 with an incredible string of injuries, accusations of cruel and inhumane treatment were leveled against Ramsay and the Portland medical staff. The critics included many Blazer players, the loudest of whom was Walton, who broke his left foot after compromising dearly held principles and taking painkilling injections in order to participate in the '78 playoffs. Walton demanded to be traded, and there went the team—suggesting that swift success and a hunger for more had seduced Ramsay into pushing his players over the line.

Further, some of the players said that Ramsay was a hypocrite, that he had set up a pecking order on the team, with special treatment for, in descending order, Walton, the star, Lucas, the second star, Lionel Hollins, the third. "And then eight other guys rolled into one," says Twardzik, a starter on the championship club and still a close friend of Ramsay's. "Jack knows how I feel," Twardzik says. "I've told him often enough. And he'll deny it."

Which he does. "I don't think I've ever given any player concessions that he didn't need," Ramsay says. "Walton needed a lighter practice schedule than other players [because of his fragile legs and feet]. But Walton followed the same rules that everybody else did. I think players tend to become very sensitive about what may be evidence of favoritism."

Four years after the fact, none of those Portland players feels any antagonism toward Ramsay—with the possible exception of Walton, who is attempting a comeback with the San Diego Clippers. "I can't talk about Jack Ramsay," he says. "I'll say he's a great basketball coach." But nothing more. The others—Twardzik, Bob Gross, Herm Gilliam, even Lucas—agree that, as Hollins, now

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Jack Ramsay continued

a 76er, says "the responsibility was on more than just the coach. We were all caught up in it. Jack was intense and he made you want to do a little bit extra for him. We were the first team he ever had that could do what he wanted done. He never had one before and he may never have one again. It's too hard."

"We were the best," says Ramsay, with a wistfulness that can't be exaggerated. "We could heat anybody." He holds no grudge against Walton, who he

at St. Joseph's for 11 seasons, from 1955 to 1966. He had a 234-72 record, won seven Middle Atlantic Conference championships and made 10 postseason tournament appearances. Whether Ramsay actually invented the zone press is a matter of some debate, but he certainly refined it, popularized it and won with it, employing small, scrappy white players from the Philadelphia Catholic high schools who clawed and scratched all over the floor.

emotional extremes, which he has struggled with ever since. He's able to control himself better now, although he's still terrible company after a loss and giddy after a win. "He's nothing like he was," says Jim Lynam, a star St. Joe's guard of the early '60s who followed McKinney's path and currently is Ramsay's assistant at Portland. "If he'd acted for 82 games the way he used to act for 25, he would have died 10 years ago."

In the St. Joe's dressing room at halftime or after losses, Ramsay would often kick lockers and chairs and scream bloody murder. McKinney points out that Ramsay's anger would be caused only by the obvious—lackadaisical play, mental errors. He has never embarrassed a player for his physical shortcomings in front of his teammates. "As players we all felt that Jack was something special," says McKinney. "That he wasn't just a coach. To me he's a great teacher of life, particularly of how to get along with people. He always looked upon that as being the most important requisite for being a successful coach. Is there a dissenting player somewhere along the line? I doubt it."

On the floor, the young Ramsay would bait referees—he's most embarrassed about this sort of behavior today—and strait the sidelines, turning crimson with rage. But then he would compose himself and be as charming and funny as ever. Once at Wake Forest he tore off his jacket and threw it across the floor. Then, after the game, he suggested to the press that coaches' coat-throwing records should be kept, judged on form and the value of the thrown coat. "The one I threw today was cashmere," he said. "That should win me a flock of points." Speaking at a banquet after St. Joe's was eliminated from the 1965 NCAA tournament, he said, "We could have won the Eastern Regional except for an act of Providence." The Hawks had lost to the Friars 81-73.

One habit that never died was Ramsay's practice of taking long, solitary, mind-clearing walks back to the hotel after road losses—via the seediest streets of the seediest sections of town. (After home defeats, he'd simply go to his house and brood.) Of course, most of the college towns were relatively tame. But once he got to the pros, the towns weren't so

continued



Regardless of where he has coached, since 1949 Jean and Jack have summured in Ocean City.

feels was misled by his advisers, sports radical Jack Scott and Portland attorney John Bennett. "I like Bill," Ramsay says. "If he'd been as durable as Russell, he'd have been the best ever."

A generation of fans has grown up thinking that basketball was exported directly to Kentucky and Indiana and Westwood, Calif., immediately after debugging was completed in Springfield, Mass. Too few remember—few knew at the time—that Jack Ramsay was considered a genius in Eastern collegiate basketball and a god figure in Philadelphia, where he coached

"We never got the great players at St. Joe's," says McKinney, who played for Ramsay in high school and on Ramsay's first St. Joseph's team and was his assistant at St. Joe's and then in Portland before becoming an NBA head coach himself. "But Jack always did a great job getting 99 percent of the good player's potential out of him."

"Winning the Big Five was all I wanted out of life," Ramsay says now of the Philadelphia quiz-conference. "Philadelphia was my universe then."

Ramsay may have been a kind of basketball genius, but he was given to wild

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Jack Ramsay continued

time. When he left the 76ers to take over the Braves in 1972, Philly's Billy Cunningham told the Buffalo trainer, "When this man loses a tough road game, he's never to be left alone afterward. I mean never."

"I never really wanted to get mugged," Ramsay says, "but there were times when I might not have minded." One night after a galling loss in Chicago he thought he had his chance. The neighborhood around Chicago Stadium is one of the meanest in America. Ramsay found himself on a dark, deserted street when a shady-looking character came right at him. "I was ready," Ramsay says. "I had my hands in my pockets and my fists clenched and I knew this was going to be it. So he comes up and asks me for a light." Since Ramsay has been in Portland, Inman has walked with him after losses for as long as an hour and gotten back to the Blazers' hotel without having exchanged a single word with him. "Not a word," Inman says. "The next morning he'd be at practice full of fun and enthusiasm, coaching just as if there's a playoff series about to begin."

Because of Ramsay, St. Joe's was a place of high enthusiasm. The Palestra, a vintage 1927 arena on the Penn campus, shook on Big Five doubleheader nights as the St. Joe's students chanted, "The Hawk will never die! The Hawk will never die!" while Ramsay's zone press demolished Temple, LaSalle, Villanova or Penn. On the rare occasion that St. Joe's lost, the opponents' fans would delight in yelling back, "The Hawk is dead! The Hawk is dead!" Oh, how Ramsay hated that. McKinney remembers beating Wake Forest in an NCAA regional game and Ramsay whooping and hollering, jumping up and down, slapping backs and backslaps, racing around the court like a dervish. The players watched this grown man run toward the locker room door yelling "Yaaaaaahooooo!" and excrete a flying droppick at the door. It was locked and Ramsay fell flat on his rear end.

Later, when he was coaching the 76ers, a win in Atlanta sent Ramsay into another paroxysm of ecstasy that lasted all the way back to Philly's hotel. There Ramsay and his happy encourage stuffed themselves into the elevator. When the door opened at Ramsay's floor, he



Inman's McKinney (left) and Chicago's Westhead both followed Ramsay from St. Joe's to the NBA.

got off, turned around to face several stunned writers, thrust his arms into the air and screeched, "The Hawk is deaaaaaad!"

When reminded of these incidents, Ramsay reddens and grins with boyish embarrassment. For one thing, he can't seem to believe that so much time has passed. But then he shrugs his shoulders. "I like to win," he says. "And I guess I express that."

There was plenty of that boyish laughter during the five years at St. Joe's: Ramsay was living a dream. But it was shattered in 1961. The Hawks had gone 24-4 in the 1960-61 season and were the surprise Eastern Regional winner, beating Wake Forest, 96-86. They lost 95-69 in the national semifinals to the Ohio State team of John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and Larry Siegfried, which went on to win the championship. Ramsay was satisfied that the better team won that night, but there had been other defeats that he simply couldn't understand, that had caused him the most intense moments of discontent he'd ever suffered.

McKinney recalls one of the worst, a 67-65 loss in December of 1960 to Dayton. Ramsay had been in a snit, and to compound matters, there was to be a St. Joe's faculty party at the Ramsay house that evening. Jean Ramsay had gone home to prepare for the party and asked McKinney to see that her husband got home in a proper party mood. McKinney knew that wouldn't be easy because Ramsay was more in a mood for a mugging.

At the party, as McKinney recalls, one faculty dowerer cooed to Ramsay. "Oh, Jack, that's all right. You can't win 'em all." Ramsay, puttin' the brow on the woman, snapped, "Oh yes you can, if you're good enough." After a while McKinney dragged Ramsay into the dining room. "Jack," he said, "what's wrong with you? The game's over and we lost. You're going to have to be cordial to these people."

Said Ramsay: "I don't understand it. We should have beat those sleepers to night. I just don't understand what happened. Kempton [the St. Joe's center] didn't get any rebounds. I don't understand all the turnovers and guys cutting to the basket for easy shots and not getting to the ball. I can't understand this game at all."

The explanation came the following spring. In an investigation carried out by the New York district attorney's office, Three Hawk players—Vince Kempton, Jack Egan and Frank Mijewski—were discovered to have shaved points in at least three regular season games, including the Dayton game. Ramsay, of course, was crushed. While he and McKinney sat in the tiny cubicle of an office they shared, taking phone calls from the press, Ramsay at times would lay his head down on his desk and weep.

He felt that he was at fault for the point shaving, that he had failed as a coach, and it took an impassioned plea from the faculty athletic moderator, the Rev. Joseph M. Geith, to keep Ramsay from quitting. The three players were ex-

continued

pelled, but Ramsay, who later helped the three players return to school, came back the next year a different coach. And a better one. His team again went to the NCAA's.

"What I reasoned was that my ego got involved," Ramsay says now. "I thought I'd been doing a good job coaching and helping these guys to become better citizens. Then I found out I hadn't done anything, at least for three of them. . . . I don't think I was aware of the needs of the players, or aware of the outside influences on them. My universe was quite narrow then. Jack Egan was our best player, and he was married with twin boys. His wife had to stay home in Bethlehem [Pa.], and Jack used to go home on weekends after games. It was very hard for him and he needed a job. But the only job he could get was as a bartender. Well, I didn't think that being a bartender was a proper job for a St. Joe's basketball player. So he gave it up. In retrospect I thought, 'Well, would it really have been so bad for him to have been a bartender? Could we have worked out a rooming situation so that his wife and kids could have lived in Philadelphia and still kept it legal with the NCAA?' Then I thought, 'Basketball is so important to me—this team at St. Joe's—I guess the players' needs should have been more important.' "

Ramsay couldn't substantially temper his intensity, and by the end of his 11th brilliant year at St. Joe's, he had developed edema on the retina of his right eye, which left him half blind. The condition was thought to have resulted from stress, and there was no guarantee the left eye wouldn't be lost as well. Ramsay was forced to give up coaching—he thought forever. In 1966 he became general manager of the 76ers, a job for which he wasn't really qualified, for which he found he had little interest, which he hated and which he wasn't very good at. In his first season the Sixers won 68 of 81 games and the NBA championship, but Ramsay didn't really feel a part of it. Alex Hannum was the coach, and Wilt Chamberlain wasn't only the main man on the team but also, Wilt later said, secretly a part owner of it. After co-owner Ike Richmond died in 1965, Chamberlain said Richmond had

given him, in a verbal deal, 25% of the club. That claim could never be proved and furthermore there wasn't a written contract. Irv Kosloff, the surviving partner, didn't know about the arrangement and contested it. By now Hannum had grown sick of dealing with Chamberlain and quit in 1968 after the defending champs had won 62 games but lost to Boston in the playoffs. Ramsay had to find a coach. He sounded out Frank McGuire, John Kundla and Earl Lloyd, among others, but got no takers. The suggestion was that no one wanted to tackle Wilt.

Then one day Chamberlain approached Ramsay with an idea: "Why not let me be player-coach and you be my assistant?" Wilt said. It was a novel idea, though not nearly as novel as it would have been had not Auerbach two years before made Russell, Chamberlain's doppelgänger, player-coach in Boston. Ramsay thought about it—Russell, after all, had won the 1968 NBA championship—and in fact decided to go ahead with the

scheme. Not only was Ramsay anxious to get back to coaching—his eye condition had cleared up—but he also felt that naming Chamberlain coach would motivate him to perform better. "I thought Wilt would want the team to do well because his name would be on it as coach," Ramsay says. "And I was kind of looking forward to it." But Chamberlain was being romanced by the Los Angeles Stars of the brand-new ABA, and after visiting the Coast he returned to tell Ramsay that he was no longer interested in being the 76er coach, and also no longer interested in being a 76er. He instructed Ramsay to trade him to the Lakers, which Ramsay had no choice but to do. And Ramsay became the 76er coach.

Trading Chamberlain could have wrecked the Philly team, L.A. hadn't exactly delivered a king's ransom for Wilt—Darrall Imhoff, Archie Clark and Jerry Chambers. But Ramsay cranked up the club. He still had Cunningham, Luke Jackson, Hal Greer, Chet Walker (whom he later traded away for Jim Washington in one of the worst deals ever made), Wally Jones and Matt Guokas, the star of his last St. Joe's team. Ramsay coached that 76er team to a 55-27 season, including five wins in six games against the Lakers of Chamberlain, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor.

After four declining seasons with the Sixers, Ramsay became exhausted by his inability to find a big man to replace Chamberlain. Ramsay knew the pro game would be different from college ball. And it didn't take him long to realize, for example, that no matter how well he coached in the NBA, he couldn't win, as he had at St. Joe's, without a superior center. Soon he grew to love the pros, and today he wouldn't touch a college job, which might surprise some people who think they know him well.

"First of all," he says, "I like playing at the highest level of talent and competition that I can. I like the number of games. I like the rules. I like the players. Recruiting and the economics of college sports make it undesirable to me. We know ours is a business. And you've got to win to sustain your business." Ramsay doesn't believe that you have to have the best players to win. Very good players will suffice.

continued

RAMSAY'S BENCH MARKS

YEAR	TEAM	W	L	PCT.
1955-56	St. Joseph's	23	6	.793
1956-57	St. Joseph's	17	7	.708
1957-58	St. Joseph's	18	9	.667
1958-59	St. Joseph's	22	5	.815
1959-60	St. Joseph's	20	7	.741
1960-61	St. Joseph's	25	5	.833
1961-62	St. Joseph's	18	10	.643
1962-63	St. Joseph's	23	5	.821
1963-64	St. Joseph's	18	10	.643
1964-65	St. Joseph's	26	3	.897
1965-66	St. Joseph's	24	5	.828
COLLEGE TOTALS		234	72	.765
1968-69	Philadelphia	55	27	.671
1969-70	Philadelphia	42	40	.512
1970-71	Philadelphia	47	35	.573
1971-72	Philadelphia	30	52	.366
1972-73	Buffalo	21	61	.256
1973-74	Buffalo	42	40	.512
1974-75	Buffalo	49	33	.598
1975-76	Buffalo	46	36	.561
1976-77	Portland	49	33	.598
1977-78	Portland	58	24	.707
1978-79	Portland	45	37	.549
1979-80	Portland	38	44	.463
1980-81	Portland	45	37	.549
1981-82	Portland	42	40	.512
NBA TOTALS		609	539	.530

All they need do is listen to and learn from the coach—and then work until they absolutely can work no harder. If they do this, they will win the championship. That a Ramsay team has won but one NBA championship in 14 years only means to Ramsay that players can always work harder.

"I find that players want direction," he says. "They want order and discipline. If a coach gives them that, then they have a responsibility to give the coach the hardest work they can provide in return. That is all you can ask of any athlete."

Ramsay in high school and college: Westhead played for McKinney in high school and for Ramsay at St. Joe's, assisted McKinney there and at Los Angeles and then became the Laker head coach after McKinney's bicycle accident in 1979. Westhead now coaches Chicago. Once in the NBA, Ramsay began Cunningham and Loughery. Counting Ramsay himself that means 22% of all NBA head coaches have ties to "Ramsay basketball." And two assistant coaches—Guokas of Philadelphia and Lynum—were stars under Ramsay at St. Joseph's.

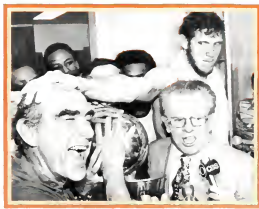
that Laker Coach Pat Riley learned most of his stuff from Westhead, who learned it from McKinney, who learned it from Ramsay, who, to all intents and purposes, invented it.

"I don't think you should overemphasize what you've done as a person," Ramsay says. "because who knows, really, what you've done? And what difference does it make anyway? My job is to get the best team I can get. Let's suppose, for the sake of argument, that I have influenced these other people. Well, if I don't do the job with my team, what difference does it make? You've got to do your job to keep it."

Aside from winning 843 of 1,454 games, college and pro, Ramsay has taken his teams to postseason play in 21 of his 25 seasons. In none of his coaching jobs has he ever inherited a proven winning team. The 76ers with Chamberlain had gone 130-33 in the two seasons Ramsay was general manager, but when he took over as coach in 1968, Chamberlain was gone and Imhoff was his center. Could any other coach in NBA history have gotten 55 victories out of a team with Imhoff as its center? When Ramsay inherited the woeful Buffalo Braves in 1972 he went 21-61. After bringing in nine new players the following season, including, not insignificantly, a slow, pudgy guard from Providence named Ernie DiGregorio and unleashing the offensive potential of Bob McAdoo, the Braves had a 42-40 record and made the playoffs for the first of three straight years. Upon arriving in 1976 in Portland, which had won 37 games the previous year, Ramsay got rid of Sidney Wicks and Geoff Petric, among others, and added Lucius, Twardzik, Gilliam and Johnny Davis, got a relatively injury-free season out of Walton and won the NBA championship.

There are things that happened early in Ramsay's career and things that happened later, but they are all unrelated moments to Ramsay, who seems to have no concept of time beyond units of minutes and seconds. Certainly not years. He's a man who deals exclusively with the present. "Oh, I'm sure age brings with it some limitations," he says, "but I'm equally sure that they aren't as great as we've always thought they are."

Bucky Buckwalter, a Trail Blazer continued



The Ramsay-Walton connection gave the Blazers cause for celebration at the end of '77

Ramsay has been thoroughly satisfied exactly once—that Blazers team. "There are no guarantees that you're going to win a game in the NBA," he says. "It would be entirely possible for a team to play a season without winning a single game. The league is that good."

Ramsay wants to believe that success in his chosen game is its own reward. "Don't let him snow you," Intman says. "The man has an ego." One suspects that Ramsay realizes that one reason the NBA is so good today is the breadth of his influence on it. St. Joseph's begat Ramsay who begat McKinney who begat Paul Westhead. McKinney played for

The Ramsay imprint is all over the NBA. His fast-break and "turnout" (patterned continuous motion—essentially a fast break in place) offenses have served as models for nearly every other team. His theories on training and conditioning are widely copied, and Ramsay is considered a trailblazer, in the literal sense, in defensive theory. His St. Joseph's zone press, with which he won with invariably small teams, became in the NBA the zone trap—technically illegal, but ingeniously disguised and very successful. Los Angeles' zone trap became the most talked-about issue of last spring's NBA championship series. It's no coincidence

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Jack Ramsay continued

assistant, tells of an afternoon Ramsay spent in Los Angeles this summer watching games in the Southern California Pro League. The coach had some free time and went to Manhattan Beach, where he knew there was to be a two-mile rough-water swim. And swim he did, finishing in the middle of the pack. "The guy is absolutely unbelievable," Buckwalter says.

Nothing moves Ramsay like a challenge. On a recent morning, for example, a couple of days before training camp began, he arose at his customary 6 a.m. in his house, which overlooks the shore of Lake Oswego and is about 15 minutes from downtown Portland. He put on his sweats and a pair of running shoes and on the wooden deck overlooking the lake took several deep breaths of Oregon air. He then did an elaborate series of stretching exercises. He's so limber that he seemingly can touch any part of his body to any other. If it had been raining he would have climbed onto the stationary bicycle a few feet from his and Jean's bed and pumped furiously for 30 minutes. This is something Jean has had to learn to sleep through.

This particular morning is a beautiful one, but it's a bit late in the season for Ramsay to go plunging into the lake, which is frigid to most people's touch even in mid-August. So he hops on his bike and rides nine miles up and down the hilly roads around the lake. He returns home, puts the bike in the garage and goes out for a three-mile run. He then drives to Portland's Jewish Community Center for a two-hour practice with the Trail Blazers, and when that's finished he swims 40 lengths of the 25-meter pool. After all that he's mildly annoyed because he has appointments the rest of the day and won't be able to get in his weightlifting.

At practice, when he leads the Blazers in exercises, he stretches better than any of them. On his back, he can touch his toes to the floor behind his head. A few years ago at a Trail Blazers practice, Lucas, who tested Ramsay's patience more than any other reasonable person might dare, kept up a running commentary while Ramsay led the team in stretching exercises. Finally, with his strictest schoolteacher voice and glare, Ramsay

snapped, "No talking during stretching exercises!" There was a momentary silence. Then Lucas piped up weekly, "But Jack LaLanne talks during stretching exercises."

Anyone who wants to understand Ramsay need only measure his passion for physical conditioning. He'd been a swimmer all his life—he was a Navy frogman, remember—and a casual cyclist, but never a runner until he went

was impressed to meet Don Schothander, the former Olympic swimmer, who introduced Ramsay to Tye Steinbech. Schothander's earliest coach, by then retired, Ramsay asked Steinbech if he wouldn't mind taking a look at his stroke. "I suddenly realized that I never really knew how to swim," Ramsay says. "He took my stroke apart and coached me like I was training for the Olympics." Ramsay, who had been building up his distance before he met Steinbech, really took off afterward: He swam each day until he was totally exhausted, usually doing a mile a day. Next, he sought out a local high school track coach, and then a triple jump coach named Roger Smith, to teach him how to run. The next thing he knew he had entered and finished his first triathlon, on Aug. 14, near Portland, swimming 1.2 miles in 46 minutes, hiking 22 miles in 1:20 and running nine miles in 1:24.

"The triathlon is very appealing," he says. "Anybody can do it who wants to work at it. It isn't any great accomplishment." Maybe so, but the necessary training is too painful for all but the most dedicated souls. In fact, while Ramsay was training last summer, some of his friends thought he was going too far, particularly one day when he appeared near exhaustion. "I thought about making him quit," Buckwalter says. "Then I realized you can't make Ramsay quit."

Quit, hell. "Now that I've done it," Ramsay says, "I'd like to get my times down. Not that I think I could win it. But I know I could do a lot better. Maybe I could win one. . . ." His goal is to complete the granddaddy of all triathlons, the Ironman in Hawaii. That one has a 2.4-mile swim, a 112-mile bike ride and a 26.2-mile marathon. The only problem is that it's contested in October, during basketball season.

Look at Ramsay as if he's crazy and he smiles back. "I think I could do it if I trained for it," he says. "I'm in better shape now than I was 30 years ago. I like to work hard. I have a constant feeling of well-being and alertness, and it keeps my mind clear—which I need for my job. I feel good, just as good as I can feel."

Which is really all you can ask of any athlete.

END



Ramsay as captain of the 1948-49 M. Juc's team.

West. When he was in Buffalo, Ramsay—a ham and eggs, steak and hamburger glutton—began to develop diverticulitis, an intestinal inflammation, which required that he change his diet and abstain from all meat and rich or fried foods. When he arrived in Portland, the fitness bug that runs rampant in Oregon hit him harder than most people. He set out to compete in a triathlon, the grueling event that combines swimming, hiking and running. Loving aquatics, he



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PERSPECTIVE

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE DARING JACKIE ROBINSON HAD THE STAMP OF A VERY SPECIAL BALLPLAYER

They've put Jackie Robinson on a postage stamp, right up there in the same league with Thomas Jefferson and the woman who founded the Red Cross. The 20c Robinson stamp is the first to commemorate an individual ballplayer and was issued Aug. 2 at the Hall of Fame. Now Robby is officially a historic figure, honored and respected, as he should be. People remember that he was the man who broke big league baseball's color bar, that he was a pioneer, in the forefront of what seemed at the time a social revolution, and perhaps was. If the social revolution is still a long way from being over, it took a great step forward when Robinson broke through the barriers and began playing professional baseball on a hitherto all-white team in a hitherto all-white league in the hitherto all-white world of organized baseball.

So treating Robinson as a historic figure is justified. But it's also somehow disheartening for those who remember him as a Brooklyn Dodger to discover that gradually the historic, socially significant Robinson is pushing the ballplaying Robinson farther into the background. Even the musical about Robinson, called *The First* (SI, Nov. 30, 1981), which did a remarkable job of portraying Robinson's personality and his struggle against virulent racism, barely gave a theatergoer an idea of what he was like on the field, or what it meant to be a baseball fan around New York when he was playing.

Though he was thrust into the role of social revolutionary, Robinson was foremost a ballplayer and a great one. Some younger fans, whose knowledge of Robinson is derived from his statistics, wonder if he was all that good. He had only 10 seasons in the majors—he was 28 when he joined the Dodgers—and in his last three, he didn't play often enough to be eligible for the batting title. His stats are good, but not overwhelming, so that those who never saw Robinson play may be pardoned for concluding he's in the Hall of Fame primarily for his pioneering role.

Certainly that was a big factor, but those who voted Jackie into Coopers-

town in 1962, the first year he was eligible, were influenced mostly by the fire he evinced on the field, the threatening figure he was at the plate (his bat cocked high above his head), his line drives, his key hits, his clutch fielding, his astonishing base running. They recalled how he dominated game after game, how he was the central figure on the field, the man his team depended on, the man the other team had to defeat.

The Dodgers finished first six times in his 10 years and lost two more pennants on the last day of the season. The other two years they were second and third. Brooklyn was the best team in the National League and, except for the New York Yankees, the best team in baseball for a decade. The Dodgers had a galaxy

ants he got the Dodgers a run without swinging a bat and hardly running at all. The Giants' pitcher was a sturdy fellow named Steve Ridzik, who had been in the league five years. He gave Robinson a base on balls. Robinson tossed his bat aside and walked down to first base, didn't jog a step. He did his patented stroll off first base and came to a stop, hands on hips, and just stood there watching Ridzik. There were throws to first, which Robinson anticipated and beat back to the bag without apparent effort. Ridzik kept glancing over and threw ball one, ball two to the hitter. On the third pitch, Robinson stole second easily. Ridzik walked the batter. Robinson then ambled many feet off second base. He made a couple of false starts toward third, and Ridzik, repeatedly looking over his shoulder at Robinson, walked the next hitter to fill the bases.

Jackie walked leisurely to third, turned and, as Ridzik came to the set position, went 10 or 15 feet down the line toward home. Ridzik tried to scare him back with quick glances, but whenever Ridzik turned toward the batter, Robinson would move daringly far down the line again. Ridzik was obviously distressed by this, and finally Bill Rigney, who was managing the Giants, ordered his third baseman to hold Robinson on the bag in the same way a first baseman would. It didn't do much good. Ridzik, still darting glances at third, walked the next batter, too, forcing in the run. Robinson strolled to home plate, touched it with one foot and unhurriedly walked back to the Dodger dugout.

He was a presence, something to see, something to be aware of. People liked to watch him, and not just because he was a novelty, the black ballplayer. He was far more than just a symbol. Leo Durocher, when he was managing the Giants in their unforgettable duels with the Dodgers, focused his ferocious bench-jockeying tongue on Robinson. Durocher was well known for his rough language, but Robinson gave as good as he got. Durocher has a lot of unattractive traits, but bigotry isn't one of them, and the startlingly foul colloquies he and Jackie engaged in were based on professional antipathy, not race, which was somehow gratifying. In any case, it seemed as though Robinson almost relished the man-to-man back-and-forth.

Though Robinson was not as easy to like as the Dodgers' other Hall of Fame



of fine players during Robinson's years, from the splendid shortstop, Pee Wee Reese, to the towering pitcher Don Newcombe, but Jackie was the star.

It's difficult to measure with numbers the kind of player Robinson was. As a base runner he was electrifying in a non-stealing era. He wouldn't so much take a lead off first as simply stroll away from the base several feet—too many feet, it seemed to those of us accustomed to the timid action of that period—toward second, just walking in his hip-rolling, pigeon-toed, almost knock-kneed way. It was daring, arrogant, contemptuous, upsetting.

In one game against the New York Gi-

continued

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PERSPECTIVE continued

black star of that era, the amiable Roy Campanella, he was a positive force in the dugout and the clubhouse, as well as on the field. The lasting impression he gave was of tremendous pent-up energy waiting to explode. Perhaps that was the secret of his base running, his timing, his very presence—the threat or promise of something about to happen. You knew he was capable of accomplishing almost anything.

Even in his last World Series, in 1956, a few months before he suddenly retired from baseball, he was a force. He had played sparingly that season and not very well, but in the Series, Dodger Manager Walter Alston, whom Robinson didn't like, had Robinson in the lineup at third base, batting fourth, playing every inning of every game. He had five hits in the first four games, including a home run, and scored five runs. The fifth game of that Series was Don Larsen's perfect game, so no Dodger got to first base, but Robinson came close. In the second inning he hit a powerful line drive off the glove of Third Baseman Andy Carey. The ball ricocheted to Shortstop Gil McDougald, whose throw to first base just caught Robinson for the out. In the fifth inning he hit a loud foul so leftfield and then hit another of Larsen's pitches deep to right for a long out.

Larsen's victory put the Yankees ahead three games to two, and the Dodgers had to win the next day to stay alive. They were shut out through nine innings again, but Brooklyn's Clem Labine also pitched shutout ball to send the game into the bottom of the 10th tied 0-0. With two out and a man on second, the Yankees walked Duke Snider intentionally to pitch to Robinson, a righthanded batter facing the righthanded Bob Turley. Jackie responded by clouting a line drive over the leftfielder's head to drive in the winning run.

The Dodgers were shut out again the next day and lost the Series. The run Robinson drove in, the last RBI and the last hit of his career, was the only run Brooklyn was able to score in the final three games. No one realized it at the time, but that was the Dodgers' Götterdämmerung, the end of an era. Jackie was traded to the Giants in December and retired in January; the Dodgers finished third the next year and moved to Los Angeles the year after that. All that was left were memories. And now a postage stamp.

END

FANTASY



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

MARVELOUS MARVIN

Sir

I appreciated William Nack's article on Marvellous Marvin Hagler (What's in a Name? Oct. 18). Hagler has paid his dues and is most deserving of respect and recognition. Thank you for showing him as he really is—a classy, sensitive gentleman, a hard and determined worker and, most of all, a truly great fighter.

PETER S. ALEXIS
Waterville, Maine

Sir

I have officiated at almost every major amateur boxing tournament since 1973 and I was one of the five judges for the Marvin Hagler-Jerry Dobbs AAU 165-pound championship in 1973. Dobbs, a Marine, was good, and Hagler did put him down as Goody Petronelli is quoted as saying in your article, but the final result was a 4-1 decision in Hagler's favor. I should know: I cast the lone score in Dobbs's favor!

Hagler was a very heavy hitter then and obviously still is, in addition to being a fine person. I felt then, and still believe, that the '73 AAU final was the best bunch of amateurs I've ever seen on one night.

TOM FALVEY
Toledo

Sir

The first time I saw Marvin Hagler was in 1976 at the Lincoln Park Ballroom in North Dartmouth, Mass. My husband, an avid fight fan, took me to the amateurs. Hagler was there and he posed for a picture my husband took. He was play-boxing with a youngster. All the children looked up to him then. I'm glad to see he hasn't changed. To us, Marvin has always been marvelous.

JILL BULLIARD
West Warwick, R.I.

AHMAD RASHAD'S VIEW

Sir

Once again SI has worked its magic. Frank Deford displayed innovation and creativity in the article *Journal of a Plagued Year* (Oct. 18) as told to him by Ahmad Rashad, er, Henri Richard, er, Ramsado Rashad—oh heck, Bobby Moore!

JOHN BRODER
Hanover, Pa.

Sir

Ahmad Rashad is a masterful observer of football and people. He expresses himself with the grace and finesse that are evident in his execution of a sideline, stutter-step, two-foot-inbounds, stop-the-clock pass reception.

NORMAN CHAZIN
Auburn, Maine

Sir

According to Ahmad Rashad, all good receivers "scout" the field. He states, "I knew that field [Metropolitan Stadium] better than my own house."

My favorite place at the Met was down around the 50-yard line at the south end of the field. For baseball, the third-base coaching box was situated there.

I suggest Ahmad reveal his favorite place and recheck his directions with Fran Tarkenton, because the third-base coaching box at the Met was located at the north end of the field. Another wrong-way run by a Viking player—shades of Jim Marshall. No wonder they don't have Ahmad bring in the plays.

DEK HENRY
New Hope, Minn.

• No wrong-way running for Rashad. It was SI that got things mixed up.—ED.

Sir

I enjoyed Ahmad Rashad's journal. However, I noticed that Harold Carmichael wasn't designated as "still active" on the Hall of Fame's list of leading lifetime receivers shown in a photograph on page 58 of the article. If that is true, No. 17 of the Eagles did a great imitation of him while catching a key pass in Philadelphia's last-minute game-winning touchdown drive against my beloved Cleveland Browns on Sept. 19.

JAMES D. HETTINGER
Cincinnati

• Felt not. An orange dot does appear before Carmichael's name—designating him, along with Rashad and Charlie Jones, as still active—on the list of leading lifetime receivers displayed at the Hall of Fame. The dot also showed up in SI's photograph of the Hall of Fame list, but, alas, in the process of engraving the picture, we lost it.—ED.

THE COWENS TRADE

Sir

Anthony Cotton's incisive article on Dave Cowens (*Taking a Shot at the Bucks*, Oct. 11) pointed out that Celine General Manager Red Auerbach continues to practice the failing art of trading to improve a team. Many of today's owners and general managers must be buying overpriced talent in the free-agent market to build championship teams. Meanwhile, Auerbach uses the time-honored skills of an old horse trader. It's a breath of fresh air when the management of a professional sports team can make a major improvement, such as the acquisition of Quinn Buckner, by being clever and persuasive, not just rich. Philadelphia's new President Harold Katz and Yankee owner George Steinbrenner should

spend their money finding people like Auerbach; it could save them millions, and perhaps save professional sports.

THOMAS QUICK
Philadelphia

Sir

I agree with Anthony Cotton that the Bucks can't bring the ball up the court without Quinn Buckner, no matter how good Cowens might be. Although I'd like to see Cowens make a comeback, I think Milwaukee got the short end of the stick.

JOHN DE MACIAR
Mount Clemens, Mich.

Sir

If Cowens, Bob Lanier and Marques Johnson all stay healthy, the Sixers and Celtics had better watch out, because the Bucks might just surprise everyone and wind up representing the Eastern Conference in the NBA finals. Some people may have forgotten just how much enthusiasm and leadership Cowens brought to the Celtics during the '70s.

GREG KOVACS
Portland, Ore.

A BIG WIN

Sir

Bravo on the article by Craig Neff and Rick Telander concerning Northwestern's return to real Big Ten football (*Hang In There, Wildcats*, Oct. 18). It's truly gratifying to see the team and coaching staff receive recognition after many years of frustration. Special thanks for the insight into the job Coach Dennis Green and Athletic Director Doug Single have done here. As a sophomore who arrived on campus soon after they did, I am amazed at the progress made in what seems such a short time.

For too long Northwestern has justified its low football standards by its high academic standards, and I, for one, am glad the present athletic administration is doing something to show that academics and athletics can mix. Perhaps the powerhouses that have scoffed at us in the past will soon take a page from our book and reexamine their own programs. My only regret is that your picture didn't show the section of the goalpost to which I was clinging!

MATTHEW ERACH
Evanston, Ill.

Sir

It's about time the Wildcats rid themselves of their Rodney Dangerfield image in football. No, they won't go to the Rose Bowl this season, and they won't be national champions. What they will do, and have already done, however, is instill in us Northwestern students a true sense of school spirit—the

sometimes forgotten purpose of college athletics. We are proud of our football team but, more important, we're proud of our school.

RICK KORNBLUD
EVANSTON, ILL.

Sir,

The article was excellent, but what caught my eye was the fantastic photograph taken by Paul Jurenski. It captures the excitement of the moment perfectly. However, the best part about it is the fact that the guy hanging on the goalpost with his tongue sticking out is none other than the author of this letter. I appreciate your selection of this photograph and I want you to know that I am available for any future work.

MARK BURGER
EVANSTON, ILL.

THE TOP 20

Sir,

Thanks for having the wisdom to retain Pitt as No. 1 in your major college standings (FOOTBALL'S WEEK, Oct. 18). The AP and UPI certainly have a lot to learn. Washington will be playing a total of only four tough teams—Arizona State, Stanford, UCLA and USC—while Pitt has already played North Carolina, Florida State, Illinois and West Virginia, four topnotchers, and must also play Notre Dame and Penn State. I hope that the wire services come to their senses.

EDWARD ROWLANDS
SARASOTA, FLA.

Sir,

What will it take for your poll pickers to look beyond the Eastern part of the country and realize what the AP, UPI and everyone else knows: that the Washington Huskies are No. 1? Even your article on the Huskies ("Tequila!" Washington Served Up a Few Belts, Oct. 18) tended to downplay the quality and strength of the team.

One other thing: How can you justify having two teams with two losses, Miami and Florida, in your Top 20?

CAROL A. BREITENBER
RACINE, WIS.

Sir,

Any national sports magazine that doesn't feature a game of the magnitude of Penn State vs. Alabama is not No. 1. It's not even in the Top 20. Any poll that ranks Alabama as low as No. 6 after the Tide's victory over the Nittany Lions isn't even in the Top 100.

JAMES W. LONG
KELLYTON, ALA.

ISLANDER STORIES

Sir,

As the first television announcer for the Islanders—along with Jim Gordon—I enjoyed going through the first year again. (Who Would've Thunk? Oct. 11.) I assure you, stories of the events of that season could easily fill a book. A couple of quackie additions might be in order.

It's important to note that the Islanders acquired Jean Pilon from the Flyers a few

weeks before the end of the season. This was done in an effort to have Jean report firsthand to his brother Denis just how badly the Islanders needed him so that Denis would ignore the WHA. It must have worked.

Atlanta also joined the Islanders as a new NHL entry that first year. On our first telecast from the Omni, one of the cameramen asked, "Hey, I never asked, but how many quarters do they play in hockey?" At that point I knew the video pickup was in trouble.

Finally, it certainly was quite a party after the final game in Atlanta. True, the flight crew joined us when we arrived during the early morning hours at the Coliseum. However, I counted only four stewardesses on the bus and at the party. Where did the guys stash the other four?

ED CAHN
Lakeland, Fla.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOCKEY

Sir,

It's bad enough that I had to read about how the Los Angeles Kings "stole" the playoff series from Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky & Co. last year (Scouting Reports, Oct. 11), but then for E.M. Swift to go on to say that nobody in Southern California "really gives a damn about the sport," wasn't only poor language for a national publication but also totally untrue and unfair. The Kings had sellout crowds and were given standing ovations at all of their four home games in the Stanley Cup playoffs last spring. By contrast, except for Game 5, Edmonton fans sat on their hands waiting for the slaughter.

JOHN VERMIER
Bellflower, Calif.

Sir,

In Southern California really a place where nobody gives a damn about the sport of hockey? E.M. Swift may think so, but just ask Wayne Gretzky and his teammates what a sold-out Forum sounded like after our Kings came back from a 5-0 deficit to win 6-5.

REX ECKERSALL
Upland, Calif.

BATTING CHAMP

Sir,

Willie Wilson (SCORECARD, Oct. 18), this year's AL batting champion, who sat out the last game of the season in order to keep his average intact, might do well to remember one of his predecessors. Going into the last day of the 1941 season, Ted Williams was assured of winning the AL batting crown, but his .400 batting average was at stake—Williams was actually batting .39955, but on the record books that counted as .400. Joe Cronin gave him the option of sitting out or playing in a doubleheader against the Philadelphia A's. Williams elected to play, thus risking his .400 average. He went 6 for 8 (four singles, one double, one home run) and finished the season at .406. He is, of course, the last man in the major leagues to bat over .400. When asked to comment on why he played, Wil-

continued

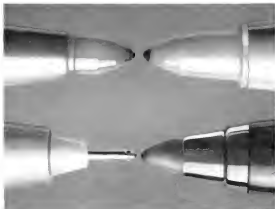


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19TH HOLE continued

lums responded, "If I couldn't hit 400 all the way, I didn't deserve it." Enough said?

FLORENCE MILNAT
Middletown, Conn.

MELANIE & CO.
Sir,

I thought the article (A Jump Ahead of Everyone *Else*, Oct. 4) by Dennis Southop on Melanie Smith was great. Having followed the sport of jumping horses for some 40 years, I appreciate Smith's expertise. Along with her teammates, she was thriving over the beautiful courses at the Dublin Horse Show a couple of Augusts back.

It is coincidental that my wife, Carol Durand, who died in 1970, was also a talented horsewoman. Like Melanie, she wanted to represent the U.S. in the Olympics on the Prude Nations team, and she won a berth on the first civilian team for the 1952 Games in Helsinki. Her teammates were Arthur McCashin, William Stienkrais and Major John Russell. Then the Fédération Equestre Internationale voted to refuse participation in the Olympic event by a woman. Her hopes were dashed. She did enjoy, however, four years of competing with the U.S. team in international events at Harrisburg, Pa., New York, Toronto, London and Monterrey, Mexico.

That participants, riders, owners and trainers are making some real money in the sport is a change long overdue. Also, selective breeding to produce more and better jumpers will make for an improved sport.

DANNA DEBRAND
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Sir,

While it was thrilling to see an athlete of the caliber of Melanie Smith finally get some of the recognition she deserves, it was a bit disconcerting to read that "the total prize money available from every pro event on the show-jumping circuit in this country is around \$250,000." On the 1982 American Grandprix Association tour alone, more than \$700,000 in prize money was offered. And then there's the West Coast Grandprix Association and the Midwest Grandprix Association and about 50 independent grand prix events across the nation. When you total the prize money for all of these events for 1982, the figure comes to about \$1,250,000 not \$250,000.

Again, thanks for letting the rest of the nation know about Melanie.

TIM LUCAS
Director of Public Relations
American Grandprix Association
Cleveland

SUGAR LAND EXPRESS

Sir,

For almost 20 years I have been receiving SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and your article on Ken Holt (Whatever Happened to the Sugar Land Express? Sept. 27) is one of the best I have ever read.

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continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

blown egos, it's really refreshing to read about a truly great athlete who doesn't dwell on the past or begrudge the circumstances that befall him.

Ken Hall, I nominate you for Sportsman of the Century.

JIMMY L. DAHL
Helena, Mont.

Sir:

Whatever *Happened to the Sugar Land Express* characterizes the realities of life. Point one: Nice guys finish last on the football field and in other team sports. Point two: The real winners in all sports are the ones who realize that in the final analysis, athletic endeavor is only a game. In my opinion Ken Hall achieved All-America status without the benefit of a football.

ROBERT E. PETTIGREW
Anderson, S.C.

Sir:

Your article on Ken Hall was outstanding, but I would like to bring to your attention a young man from Vian, Okla., who deserved a place on the story's single-season touchdown chart.

Bobby Wright rushed for 40 touchdowns in 1980, leading the Vian Wolverines to a 12-1 record. That total would put him seventh overall, five behind Herschel Walker and one ahead of Richard Bailey of Painter Central (Va.).

You might also like to know about Bobby's younger brother, Scotty, a four-year starter at Vian who already has 79 career touchdowns. By achieving just a little better than his current rate of 1.68 touchdowns per game (for 47 games), Scotty should finish the season with at least 89, which would rank him fifth on the all-time chart, just ahead of Curtis Warner and Woody Petchel each with 88.

Vian fans still wonder what Scotty's career total might have been if he hadn't spent his first two seasons at fullback, blocking for his older brother.

MICHAEL D. BROWN
Tulsa

Sir:

Congratulations on the fine article on Ken Hall. One can't help admiring a man who's able to transcend a situation that could have embittered lesser men for the rest of their lives.

My only question: Is the Joe Don Looney mentioned in the article related to the story's author, Douglas Looney? It would seem difficult for Douglas Looney to keep an unbiased perspective if they are relatives.

SILVE TØVEN
Williamburg, Va.

♦ The two Looneys are not related.—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The Spirit of America



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